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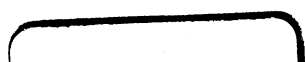
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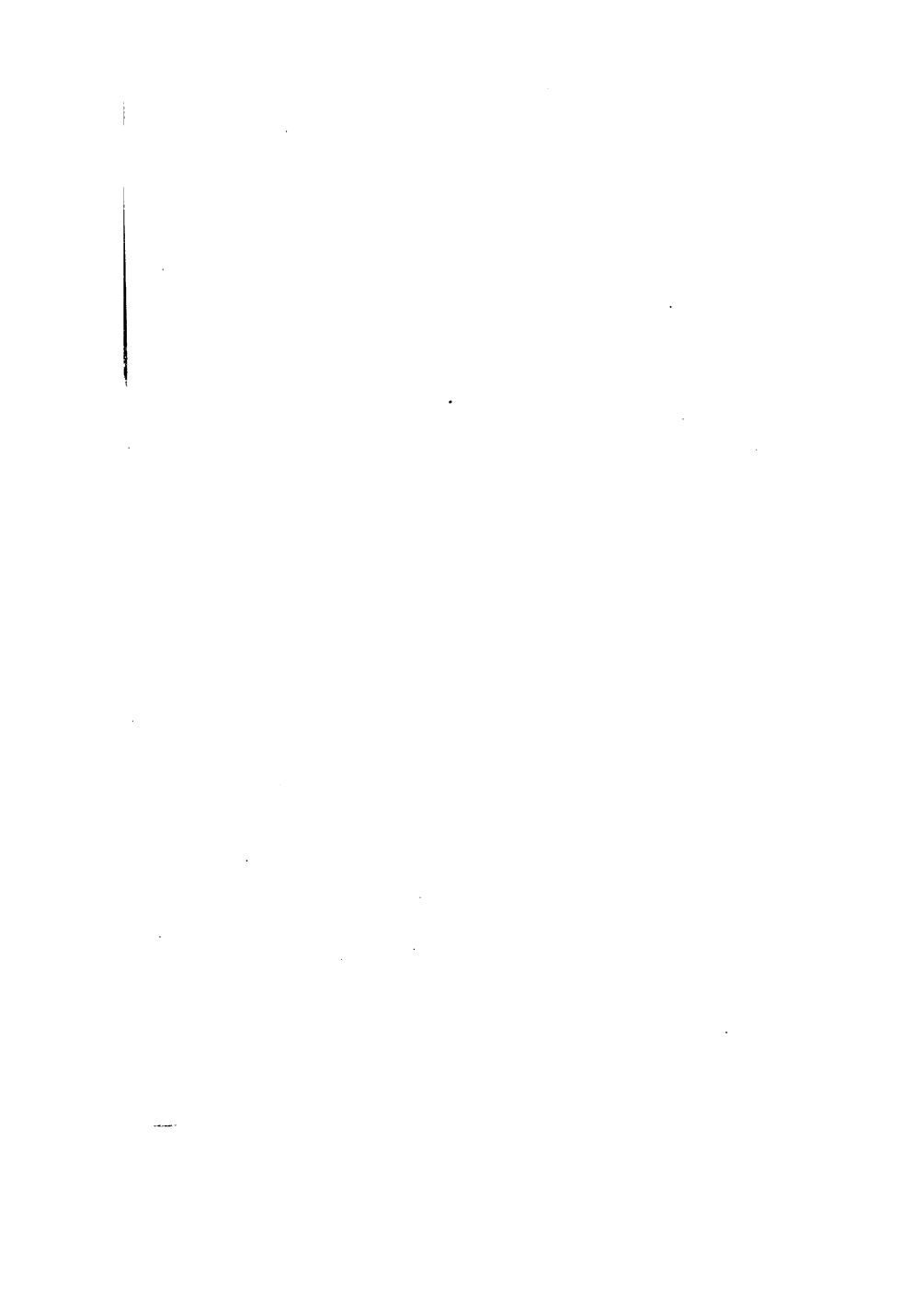


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Japan in Days of Yore

I.

Wounded Pride

and

How it was Healed

By

Walter Dening

The Kyo Bun Iwan

Tokyo

1904

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JAPAN IN DAYS OF YORE.

BY

WALTER DENING.

I.

SECOND EDITION.

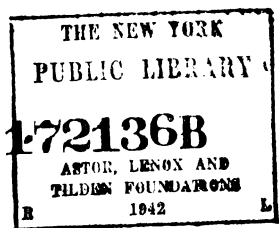
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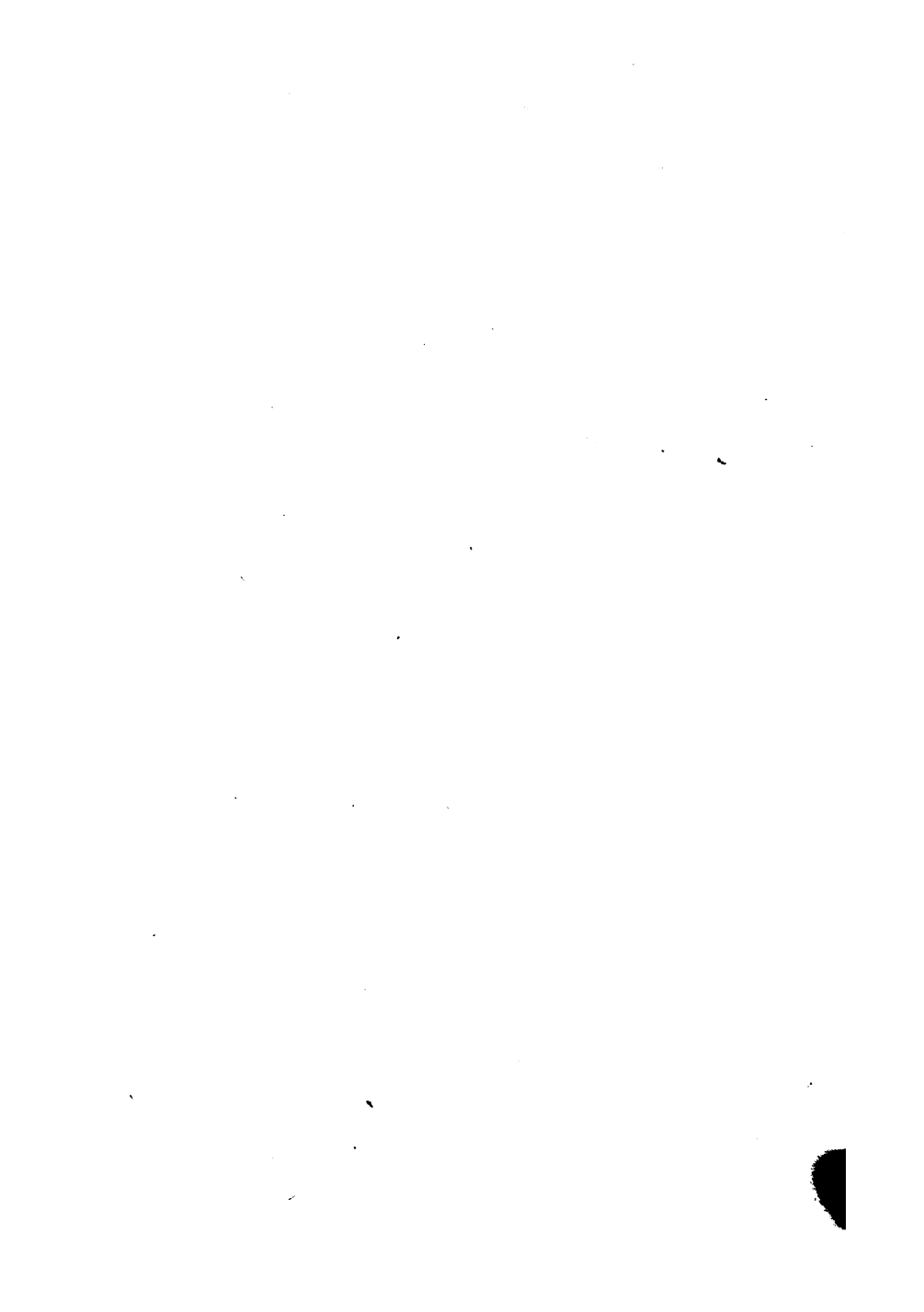
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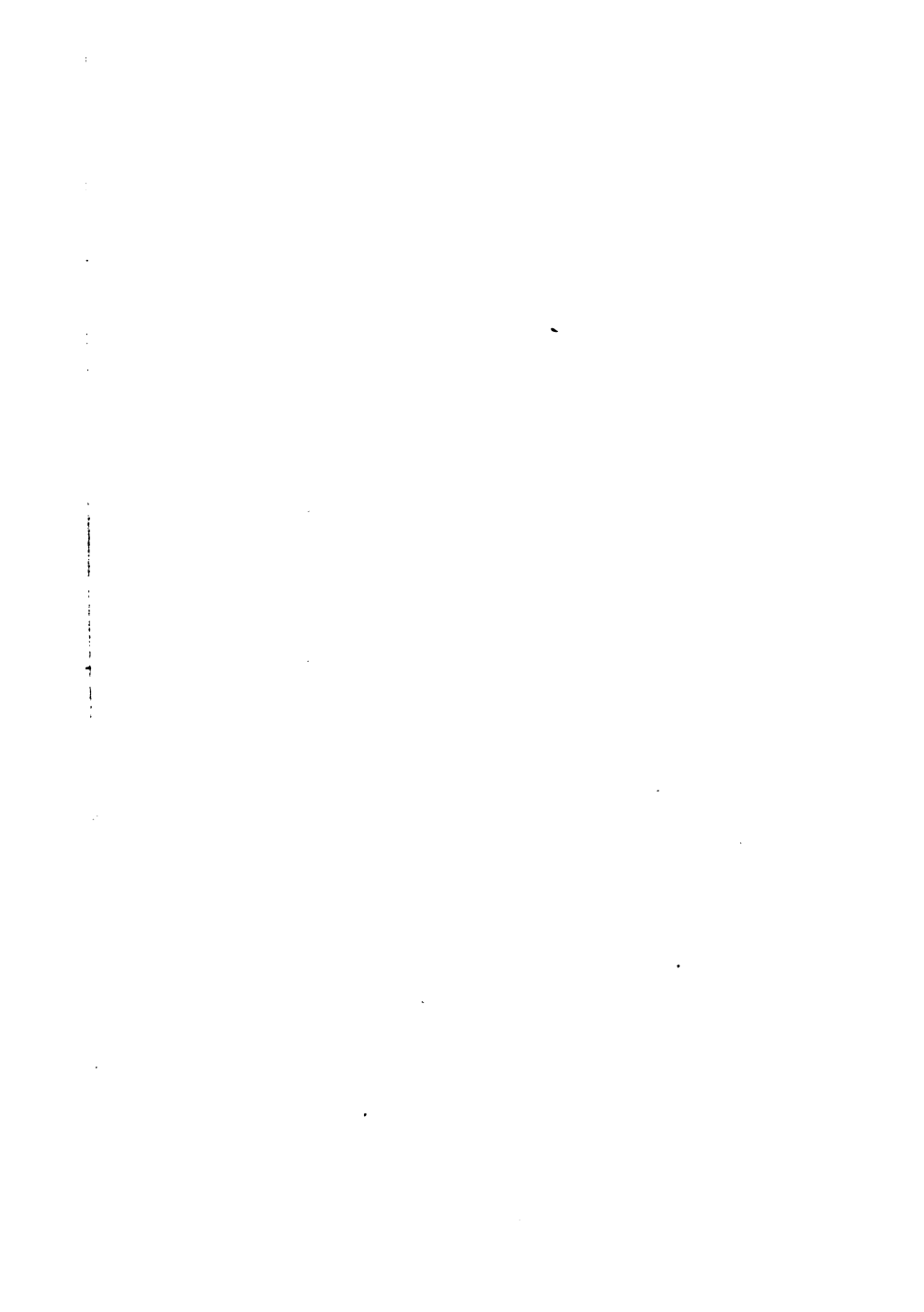
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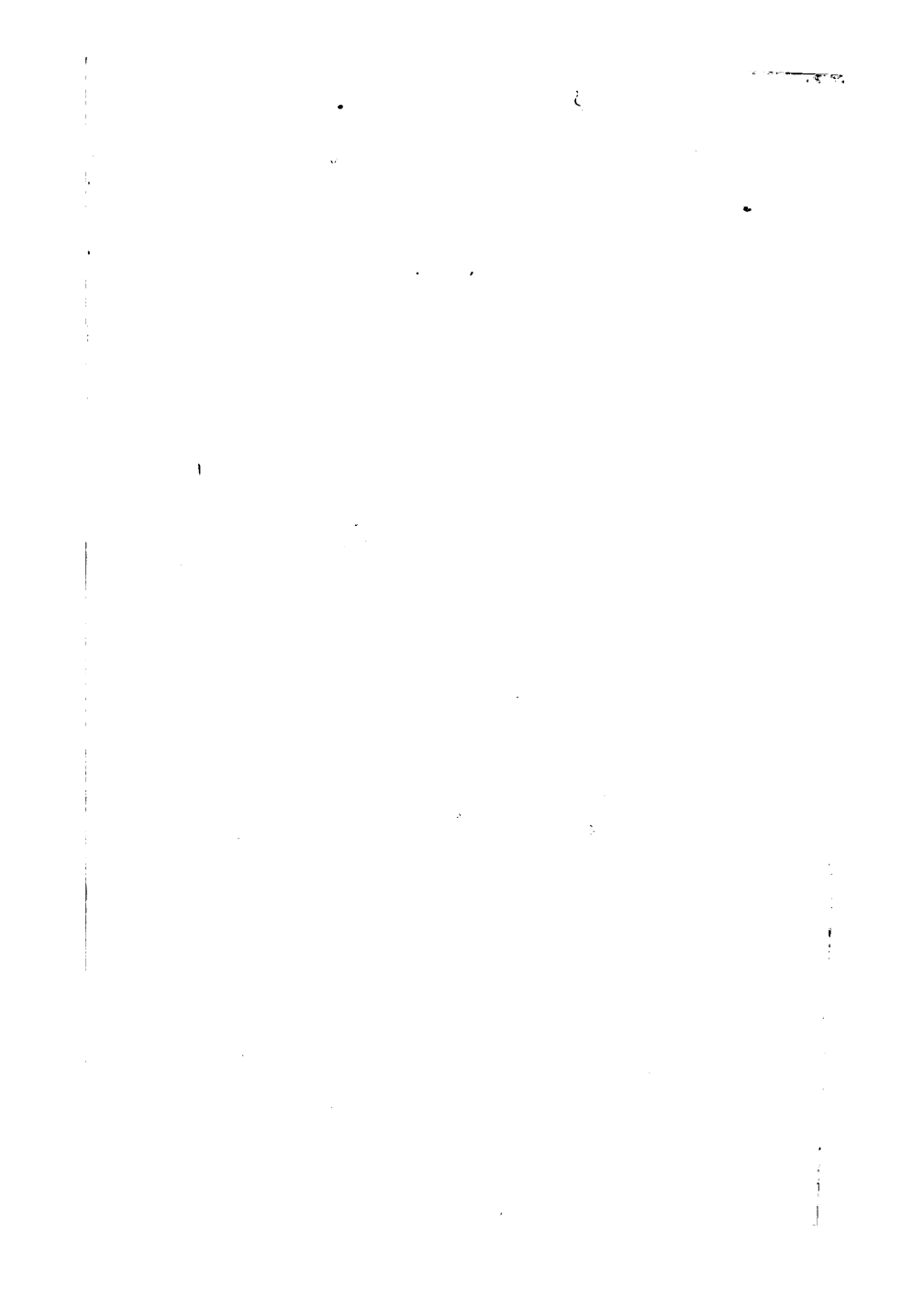






"Thou unrelenting Past !
"Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
"And fetters sure and fast
"Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
"Far in thy realm withdrawn,
"Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
"And glorious ages gone
"Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.





[illegible]

10

another, I have hitherto not been able to issue a new edition. They are now offered to the public in much the same shape as they originally bore.

As in the case of those English tales that have come down to us from our ancestors which were written in an uncritical age, in the following Japanese stories the original authors have time and again drawn on their imaginations. For the purpose of giving a picture of old Japan it is not necessary to apply the critical pruning knife relentlessly. If fiction does mingle with fact, it is fiction that is the product of Japanese brains and which has a special interest as such. It has been my aim in each volume to illustrate as many phases of Japanese ancient life as possible by describing how men belonging to various ranks and classes passed their days in olden times, when there were no newspapers to read and no telegrams arriving hourly from remote corners of the earth.

W. D.

SECOND HIGH SCHOOL,
SENDAI, *Sept. 12th, 1902.*



JAPAN IN DAYS OF YORE.

I.

WOUNDED PRIDE AND HOW IT WAS HEALED.

CHAPTER I.

THE breathing time afforded to the great barons of Japan by Hidetada's uneventful administration having passed, it depended entirely on the character of Iemitsu whether or not the form of central feudal government rendered possible by Hideyoshi's conquests and actually established by Tokugawa Ieyasu should be perpetuated for any length of time. Had any deficiency of that invincibleness of spirit combined with practical sagacity, possessed in such an eminent degree by both Hideyoshi and Ieyasu, displayed itself in the character of Iemitsu, it would have borne with it a serious train of consequences. Never did the subsequent history of a nation depend more on the character of an individual than at that time.

The episode in the career of the third Tokugawa Shōgun which we are about to relate was one which left a deep impression on his mind, in that it constituted one of the crises of his life. It taught him a lesson which, if he hoped to become a worthy successor of his grandfather, he could ill





afford to leave unlearned. It helped much to develop the noble side of his nature and to add a spirit of caution and deliberateness to the courage and energy with which he found himself endowed. Thus the conduct of his follower that gave so much offence to Iemitsu proved to be of more benefit to the country at large than it often falls to the lot of any one man to be to able bestow.

In addition to its political significance the tale we are about to relate is interesting as a psychological study. It reveals to us a variety of emotional states; which are well worth our attention for their own sake, apart from the events with which they were connected and the men whom they immediately concerned. For the simple reason that what men have been they are and will be; since in the region of mind as in the arena of politics history repeats itself. Stories of this kind convey to a foreign reader a better idea of the life of old Japan than can be obtained from any other source. The two men who figure so largely in it were fine specimens of Japanese human nature—full of high culture and refinement, fearless and honest, living embodiments of that superior ethical code known as *Bushidō*, in praise of which so much has been written in this country during the past few years. There are some parts of the tale that bring out in striking contrast the *difference between Occidental and Oriental ideas*, and there are *other parts where the kinship of human nature the world over*

is vividly illustrated. There are types of Japanese human nature that are almost entirely unknown to Europeans. Lives have been passed in this country that for nobleness and refinement will bear comparison with our very highest Western models.

Abe Tada-aki, Bungo-no-Kami, was a favourite of Tokugawa Ieyasu, and to him was committed the guardianship of his grandson, Iemitsu.

As a lad Iemitsu was full of youthful spirits, but owing to the extreme deference paid to him, he was both self-willed and self-indulgent. Unaccustomed to be crossed, he lived in entire ignorance of his many defects. Most of those who surrounded him did nothing but flatter him from morning to night. So inured to this kind of treatment did he become that he grew impatient of rebuke by whomsoever administered. There were men, however, who never failed to reprove anything that seemed to them to be amiss in his behaviour, despite the unbecoming and thankless way in which such reproof was frequently received. The most noted of these were Abe Tada-aki and Ōkubo Hikozaemon. Iemitsu took lessons in fencing from very early days, and as a pastime he was very fond of sword exercise.

On the seventeenth of January every year, (O.C.)* the commencement of the Shōgun's fencing lessons was celebrated

* All the dates given in this story follow the Old Calendar.



by the holding of a special opening ceremony. In the year 1630 A.D., the preparations made for this ceremony were more than usually elaborate. Full of his wonted youthful spirits, and gradually having come to think that he was quite an expert swordsman, Iemitsu looked forward with great pleasure to the fencing meeting.

On the appointed day a large number of friends, retainers, and dependants assembled within the precincts of the Shōgun's castle. On a seat slightly elevated above the rest, sat the Shōgun. Opposite to him was Yagyū, Tajima-no-Kami, the famous fencing-master, and a little removed from him Ono Jiroemon and Sakurai Rokuroemon, both fencers of note. Though there were several other distinguished guests present, in those days of chivalry the fencers were second to none in popular esteem.

The ceremonies of the day commenced by the Shōgun, first, and his various followers and attendants, afterwards, worshipping the great god of Kashima and the great god of Katori. Both these divinities being patrons and lovers of war, it was deemed but proper that their blessing on the year's fencing should be invoked. A cup of *sake* having been solemnly offered to each of the deities, or rather to their pictures, which hung on the walls, a small quantity of the life-giving beverage was handed round to each of the principal *personages present*; who, with heads bowed low in front of *the pictures of the two divinities*, reverently drank the same.

After this various retainers of the Shōgun, answering to their names, came forward one by one and fenced with Iemitsu. Six of these in succession were worsted in their combat with the Shōgun. Elated with his success, Iemitsu seemed to think that, with the exception of the fencing-masters themselves, he was getting to be the first fencer in the kingdom.

Tada-aki, who was present on the occasion, looked with a feeling of extreme dissatisfaction on what was taking place. "What sycophantish young fools these fellows are!" exclaimed the Shōgun's guardian to himself. "For fear of offending their master, they allow him to win an easy victory over them in this way. With such a set of flatterers around him, there is no saying into what Iemitsu may develop."

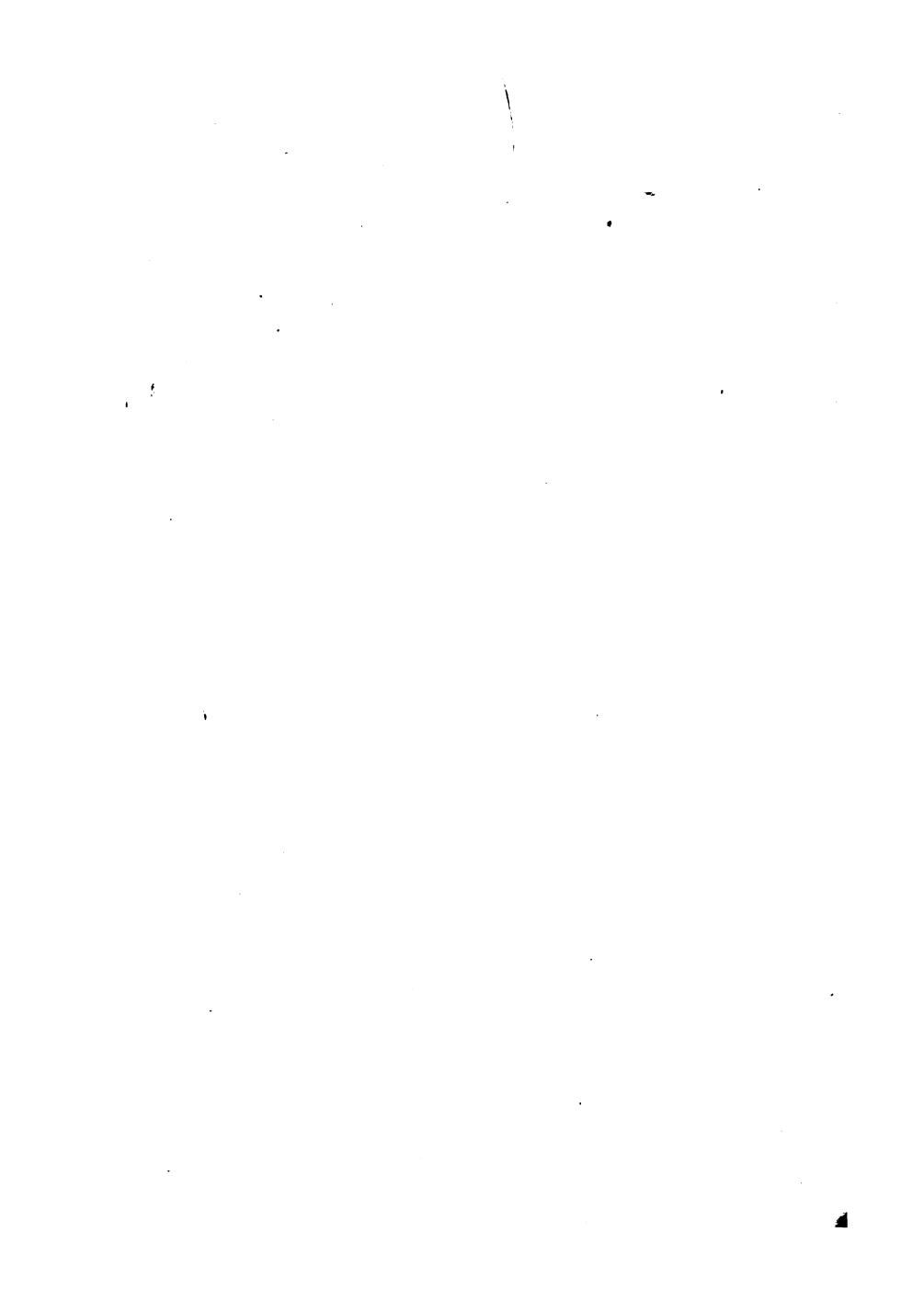
Just as these thoughts were passing through Tada-aki's mind, Iemitsu approached and addressed him as follows:—"Ah, Bungo! I hear that you have made great progress in fencing of late, that you have become one of Yagyū's first-class pupils and have recently obtained a certificate of merit. Suppose you and I have a bout together."

"Excuse me," replied Tada-aki; "but I would rather not."

"Why not? Why not?" inquired the Shōgun. "What is your reason for refusing?"

"Please excuse me, please excuse me," reiterated Tada-aki.

The Shōgun insisted on hearing Tada-aki's reason for refusing; so the latter honestly told him as follows:—"Though



I am reluctant to have to say so, your fencing is still extremely defective. You are still but a novice at the art. I, on the other hand, having graduated in Mr. Yagyū's school, am of course a good swordsman. This being the case, you and I cannot possibly make a good match for each other, and therefore our fencing together could not but prove the most unentertaining of pastimes to you. And, more than this, I fear that were we to fence, your defeat would only engender feelings towards me which it is most undesirable you should entertain, I beg therefore to be excused."

"It is unnecessary to say so much about your great skill in fencing," replied the Shōgun, somewhat nettled by the air of superiority which Tada-aki assumed. "What you can do and what you cannot will soon be revealed by your actual performance. There is no call for so much boasting before you begin."

"Thus commanded, I cannot any longer refuse," replied Tada-aki; "but since I am not one to act the hypocrite, even in the fencing ring, I shall not play at fencing as some others have been doing, but shall set to work in real earnest, practising the art just as I have been taught it. In that case it is very probable that your Highness will be knocked over by me. I beg that should this happen you will not take it amiss."

"*That goes without saying,*" replied the Shōgun testily. "*In trials of skill* the distinction between master and servant

should be lost sight of. Let's have no more parley! Come on! come on!"

Thus saying, the Shōgun seized a fencing sword and, raising it above his head, stood ready to knock Tada-aki down directly he approached him. Tada-aki, on the other hand, held his foil in readiness to receive the blow. They now went at it hammer and tongs. With the greatest coolness and adroitness Tada-aki warded off blow after blow until Iemitsu, growing more and more furious, made a tremendous thrust at his antagonist. The latter, parrying the thrust, instantly took advantage of the Shōgun's overbalanced posture to deliver a heavy backhanded blow on his ribs, which sent him reeling to the ground.

This was the cause of a great stir in the fencing yard. Iemitsu's various attendants rushed forward to help him rise. One and all expressed the hope that he was not hurt. No sound of laughter, nor word of applause at Tada-aki's feat of skill was heard. With a feeling of pity rather than envy was the victor regarded by the spectators; for all knew that this one successful stroke of Tada-aki's sword was likely to cost its owner dear. The Shōgun's rage was boiling over. With eyes emitting fire, he exclaimed—"Come on again! we will have another turn!"

"I beg to be excused from contending with your Highness any further," replied Tada-aki. "I told you before

I commenced that in the trial of skill I should not act the sycophant. I now say again that, however many times you may try, our fencing can only end in one way, namely, in your defeat; and it being so, it can do no more than create bad feeling towards me in your mind. As a subordinate of your Excellency's I beg to be excused from putting myself in the unhappy position of one who has excited his lord's anger. On this ground I respectfully decline all further contest with your Lordship."

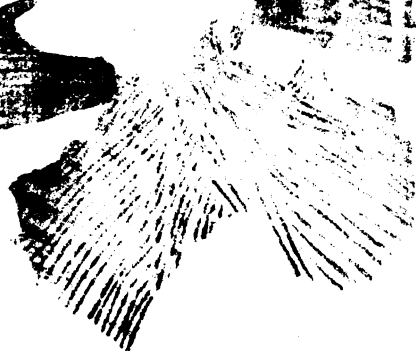
"The idea of your talking in this way!" rejoined the Shōgun; "as though victory and defeat did not depend on luck. It is because you wish to take a mean advantage of me that you object to fence again. You think it probable that you would be beaten in another encounter."

"It is not so," replied Tada-aki. "My only reason for declining is that I do not wish to annoy you. For a servant to inflict injury on the person of his lord is considered most improper. But if you say that you do not mind my doing this and insist on my fencing again, then I have no option but to obey your command, much as it is against my inclination to do so."

"You need not go on talking in this strain," replied the Shōgun. "Come, come! let us fight again!"

They had not crossed swords more than a minute or two before Iemitsu was thrown down violently on his back.

82









This fall caused him a good deal of pain. His followers surrounded him and raised him from the ground. He stood still for a moment frowning with rage and then, at a loss what to say or what to do, and quite unfit to renew the contest, left the fencing yard.

After Iemitsu had retired, Kugai, Chikugo-no-Kami, the Shōgun's Lord-chamberlain, said to Tada-aki:—"You have overdone the matter. Why did you put forth the whole of your strength and display all your skill in this way? It would have been better to have dealt more leniently with the Shōgun. Having gone thus far, however, you had better do all you can to avert the natural consequence of your conduct: you had better take some steps to ward off the danger to which you have exposed yourself. Would it not be well for you to go to the Shōgun and ask him what his august pleasure is that you should do to atone for your offence?"

"Many thanks for your advice, which I know is meant kindly," replied Tada-aki; "but as I only did as I was bidden, what need is there for me to act as you propose?"

"What you say is very true," replied Chikugo-no-Kami; "but still, as the Shōgun has been put out of sorts by what has occurred, would it not be but politic for you as his *vassal* to go to him and ask his pardon for what has happened?"



"If I am to act in this way," replied Tada-aki, "then I might as well have done as the other fencers did—pretend to be defeated when I was not. It was because I objected to the insincerity and sycophancy displayed in their mode of acting, that when I consented to become an antagonist of the Shōgun in the fencing ring, I determined not to allow him to get the best of me. What I did was intended as a protest against the servility of the satellites who surround the Shōgun. But if I were now to own that my action was wrong, wherein should I be less servile than they? Were I to neglect to reprove the Shōgun on such occasions as these, of course he would grow up to fancy that he knows what he does not; and thus it might happen that when placed in circumstances where a thorough knowledge of fencing would be essential to his safety, his superficial acquaintance with the art might cost him his life. If allowed to go on in self-ignorance in the way he has been doing and if every device be resorted to to intensify the infatuation under which he labours, there is no saying what may be the result."

Incensed by this remark, the Lord-chamberlain took his leave of Tada-aki, and, entering Iemitsu's private apartment, immediately asked:—"What is your Lordship going to do in reference to Tada-aki?"

"Leave him as he is of course," replied the Shōgun.
"Were I to dismiss him now, it would appear as though it

were done out of personal spite, and my reputation would be injured thereby. For the present it is far better to let the matter rest as it is."

The Lord-chamberlain had no sooner taken his departure than Ōkubo Hikozaemon, walking up to the spot on which Chikugo-no-Kami had left Tada-aki standing, commenced to fan him, exclaiming in the most exultant manner possible:—"Ah, a true knight! a noble knight! Well done, Bungo! I am delighted! Were it not that there are such fearless men as you left in the country, our Shōgun would not be worth a brass farthing before very long. This is a time in which people do nothing but study appearances: fine clothes and ornamented palanquins are all the rage; while the characteristics which should mark the knight are seldom seen. To meet with such a man as you then is as rare as it is gratifying. The spectacle of such a knight at such a time is enough to rejoice the departed spirit of Lord Ieyasu himself." After a slight pause, he continued:—"I should like to present something to you. What is there that I can give you?" Looking round as he said it, his eyes rested on the small cups of *sake* which had been offered to the two patron divinities. Removing one of them from the pedestal on which it stood, and handing it to Tada-aki, he said:—"Here, take this; not as presented by me, but by him *whom I but represent*, His Enlightened Highness Tokugawa



Ieyasu." While Tada-aki was drinking the wine out of one cup Hikozaemon emptied the contents of the other.

"Another piece of rudeness of Hikozaemon's!" remarked several of the State-councillors, on being informed of what had occurred. "Let us call him here and question him about it."

"You are summoned by the State-councillors, Mr. Ōkubo," a voice was heard to say to the old man as in a most animated way he stood conversing with Tada-aki.

"What's up now? Something has displeased them, I suppose!" muttered Hikozaemon to himself as he proceeded to obey the summons.

On his reaching the room in which the councillors were assembled, he found among others Sakai, Bingo-no-Kami, and Nagai, Shinano-no-Kami. These two addressed him as follows:—"We hear that you have been drinking and handing to others the wine offered to the gods in the Shōgun's fencing yard. Acting under whose orders did you do this?"

"Under this old man's orders," said Hikozaemon, pointing to himself.

"Was such outrageous behaviour ever heard of?" exclaimed the councillors angrily. "You are nothing short of a thief. What business had you to take what was not your own?"

"No, no!" replied the old man, not at all disconcerted by the fury of the councillors. "I have committed no

robbery. If you ask why I took the *sake*, I reply, your blindness was the cause of it. You State-councillors together with all your subordinates are as blind as bats. If you could but see a little, there would have been no need for me to have touched the *sake*, but being stone-blind, out of very pity for your forlorn condition, I felt it my duty to act as I did."

"What do you mean," asked the councillors, "by speaking of men who hold such a high position in the State as we do as blind men. Impudence, indeed! How dare you speak thus?"

"Don't excite yourselves so much. Keep cool, I pray you, while I explain my meaning to you," replied the old man. "We live in an age of luxury, self-indulgence, and ease—at a time when dancing girls are more in demand than anything else. Men who have the blood of warriors in their veins study nothing but how to utter soft, sycophantish, flattering speeches in the Shōgun's ears, hoping to receive an *inrō*,* a purse, a dagger, or a coat as a reward. When they are set to fence with him, one after another they allow themselves to be defeated in a way that is painful to behold. The Shōgun is treated as a fool and an idiot, all doing their best to hoodwink him as much

* A set of small boxes attached to the girdle. The boxes usually contain medicines and a seal.

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as possible. Who can imagine disloyalty carried to greater lengths than this? When at such a time a man like Tada-aki makes his appearance and opens the Shōgun's eyes by beating him out and out at fencing, what is this but the soul of Iemitsu's illustrious grandfather, (of blessed memory), the great Ieyasu, making its influence felt in our midst? Such loyalty as we have witnessed to-day is worthy of being immortalized. It deserves to be enshrined with all that is dearest to the members of the Tokugawa family. This being the case, one would have thought that among the Councillors of State there would have been some with eyes discerning enough to see how things stand, and that such men would have been ready to applaud Bungo-no-Kami for the services he has rendered to-day. It is because no such officers were to be found that I designated you all blind men. Seeing that no such persons were forthcoming, I felt obliged to give Tada-aki the only thing that was at hand to offer, the cup of *sake* which had been presented to the god, and to express my admiration for the nobleness of his conduct. As regards the *sake* the consumption of which is the cause of so much offence to you, if I mistake not, nothing could be more pleasing to the divinity to whom it was offered than that it should be imbibed by such a brave *knight as Bungo-no-Kami*. God of the brave and patron of *war as the divinity* is, methinks that he looked with benignant

eyes on the display of courage witnessed in the Shōgun's fencing yard to-day, and that he highly approved of my honouring the author of the brave deed with a cup of the sacred beverage. Since for the most distinguished of the worshippers to partake of the offerings which have been presented to the gods is alike in accordance with ancient customs and the Divine will, what is there to complain of in my act?"

As may be supposed, these remarks were most distasteful to those to whom they were addressed; and had they proceeded from the lips of any other vassal of the Shōgun than Hikozaemon, it is not at all probable that they would have been listened to as patiently and as long as they were. There were special reasons, which will appear later on in the tale, for the deference paid to this old man even by the highest dignitaries of State, and this accounts for the manner in which even incensed councillors allowed him to have his say. Feeling that Hikozaemon had done no more than utter the truth, with faces which indicated that a strong contest was going on within them between anger and shame, the councillors dismissed the *hatamoto** from their presence.

The title of the immediate vassals of the Shōgun, to which force Hikozaemon belonged.



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, including digital databases and physical filing systems. It also mentions the need for regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity of the information.

2. The second section focuses on the role of communication in achieving organizational goals. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication channels, both internally and externally. The text suggests implementing regular meetings and reports to keep all stakeholders informed and aligned. It also discusses the benefits of open communication, such as improved collaboration and faster problem-solving.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges of managing a large and diverse team. It provides strategies for effective delegation, ensuring that tasks are assigned to the right people with the necessary skills and resources. The text also covers techniques for motivating and inspiring team members, such as recognizing achievements and providing constructive feedback. Additionally, it discusses the importance of conflict resolution and maintaining a positive team culture.

4. The final section discusses the importance of continuous learning and improvement. It encourages organizations to embrace change and innovation, and to invest in training and development programs for their employees. The text mentions the benefits of staying up-to-date with industry trends and technologies, and the importance of fostering a growth mindset within the organization. It also suggests implementing a system for collecting and analyzing feedback from customers and employees to drive improvements.

CHAPTER II.

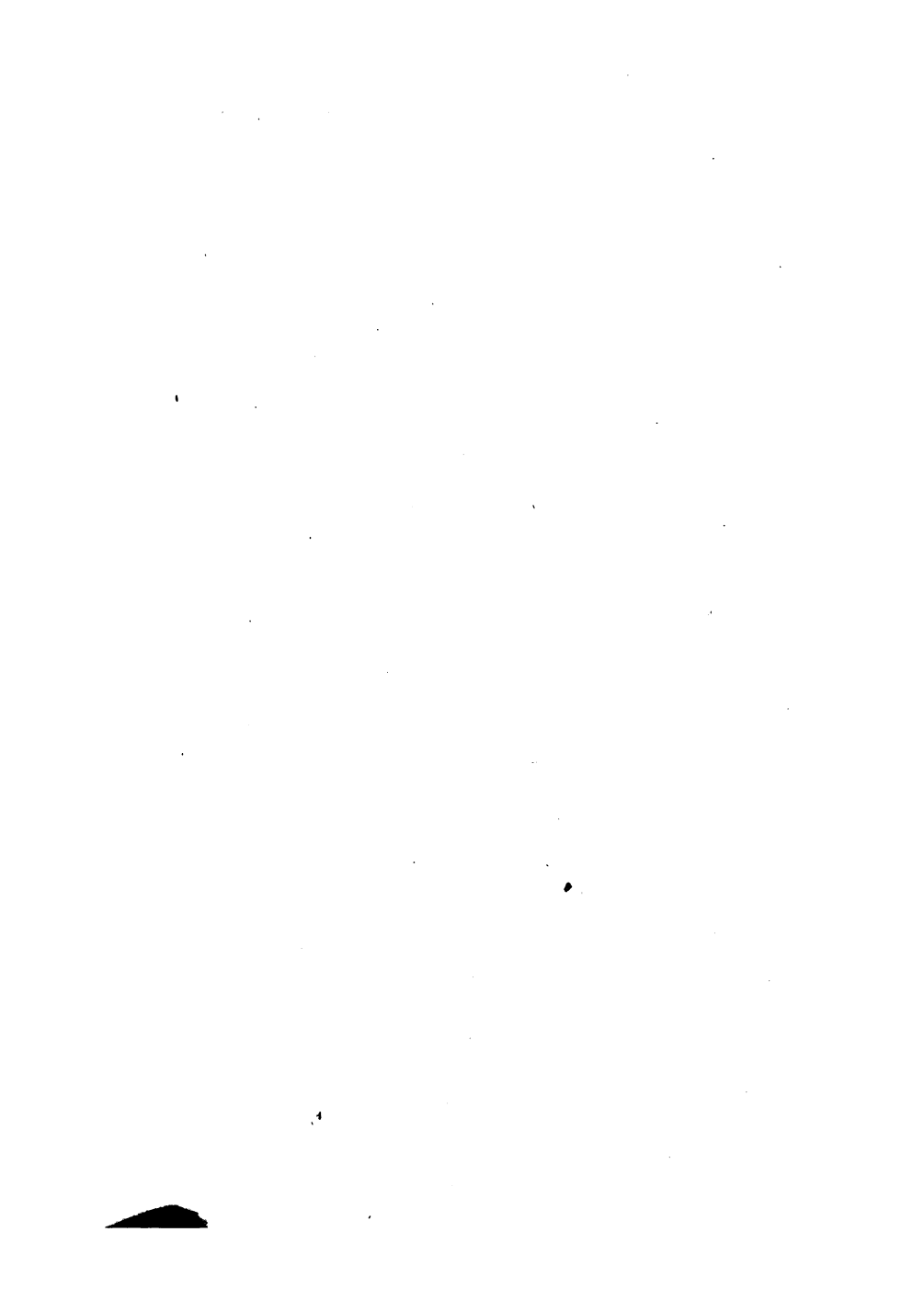
The day following the events described above, Tada-aki went as usual into the Shōgun's room. But Iemitsu took no notice of him whatever throughout the whole day. Not an order did he give him to execute, not a word did he exchange with him on any subject whatever. So that Tada-aki felt like a man sitting on needles.

When this had continued day after day for the space of three weeks, Tada-aki began to consider whether he had not better do what most men were in the habit of doing when similarly placed: had he not better give out that he was ill and keep away from the Shōgun's court altogether? But this would be telling a lie, which as an honest, straightforward knight he could not make up his mind to do. No, let the matter end as it might, from the path of right he would not swerve—act the lie he never would. So, in hopes that the Shōgun's resentment would sooner or later come to an end, but if not this, then that he would be dismissed from office, Tada-aki still continued to appear at his post day after day and week after week. This went on till September of the *year 1630 A.D.*, the year, as will be remembered, at the *commencement* of which the fencing bout took place.

The ninth of September was at this time kept as a public holiday. On the afternoon of that day, after having received special congratulations from his friends and dependants in the morning, it was customary for the Shōgun to walk leisurely around the Fukiage gardens in company with his followers and attendants to see the chrysanthemums, which were in full bloom at the time. On this day, then, the usual morning ceremonies being over, early in the afternoon Iemitsu set out to see the flowers. The country which, among the many poetic appellations it has received, bears the name of the "Land of Chrysanthemums," could boast even at the time of which I write of a very large number of specimens of this beautiful flower. The day was fine, one of those clear October days* when, in the words of a recent writer, "Mere quiet weather, trees and grass and sea and clouds, can make one forget that life has anything in it but rapture, can make one drink in heaven with every breath." Adorned with nature's finest ornaments, whose effect was heightened by the application of the artistic taste for the possession of which the inhabitants of Shikishima† have from time immemorial been noted, the gardens

* The ninth of September according to the old Calendar falls on October 20th according to the new. The old Calendar is still adhered to in many country places. Some villages observe both Calendars at New Year's time and have two jollifications instead of one.

† An old name for Japan, literally 'Many Islands.'





looked surpassingly lovely. As the eye of a spectator passed over the sea of beauty and gaiety which the scene presented, it rested on the Shōgun's purple tent. This tent was surrounded on all sides by chrysanthemums of various shapes and sizes and was embellished with every ornament that the cleverest devices of the foremost æsthetes of the day could invent. Thus adorned, it presented a very model of picturesqueness. Another object of attraction was the Shōgun's antique looking summer-house, built, ornamented and arranged so as to captivate and to charm the most fanciful of tastes. This summer-house contained rare specimens of lacquerware, carved utensils, curious heirlooms, and sparkled with gold and silver ornaments, scattered about with a profusion that would utterly astound the art connoisseur of modern times. Here it was that on the present occasion various refreshments were served; and here it was that there flowed from the poetic fancy of guests, full of spirit and charmed with the beauty of the scene, verse after verse; every one of which revealed in a more or less clear light its author's thoughts and feelings.

But there is no rose without its thorn, and few days however bright without something to mar their pleasantness. Among those jubilant guests sat one whose regard for his master combined with the cool, sullen, relentless resentment *with which he had been treated by that master now for the space of nine months*, forbade the smile which at other times

would have played across his benevolent face. Conscious of having done no wrong, but equally conscious of being viewed by the Shōgūn and by numbers of his sycophantish followers as though he had, an object of aversion to his master, an object of pity or disdain to his fellow-officers, cheerless and solitary amid the gay crowd of courtiers—together out of keeping with the scene, a contrast in both looks and feelings to the clear sky overhead and the exuberant vivacity of all that surrounded him, sat the hero of our tale, Abe Tada-aki, Bungo-no-Kami.

Among the verses composed on this occasion which have come down to us, there is one that is said to have been written by Iemitsu himself, which runs as follows:—

“As, from the dew their life receiving,
“Fold upon fold the white flowers* grow,
“So fares he, who, upon his lord depending,
“Seeks a happy life and hoary age to know.”

Numbers of other verses were composed: among them there was one that was anonymous, which ran thus:—

“The longest life that is—
“For what shall it be courted,
“If not to be called his
“To whom we are devoted?

* The white flower here and in the second verse is the white chrysanthemum (*Shira-kiku*).

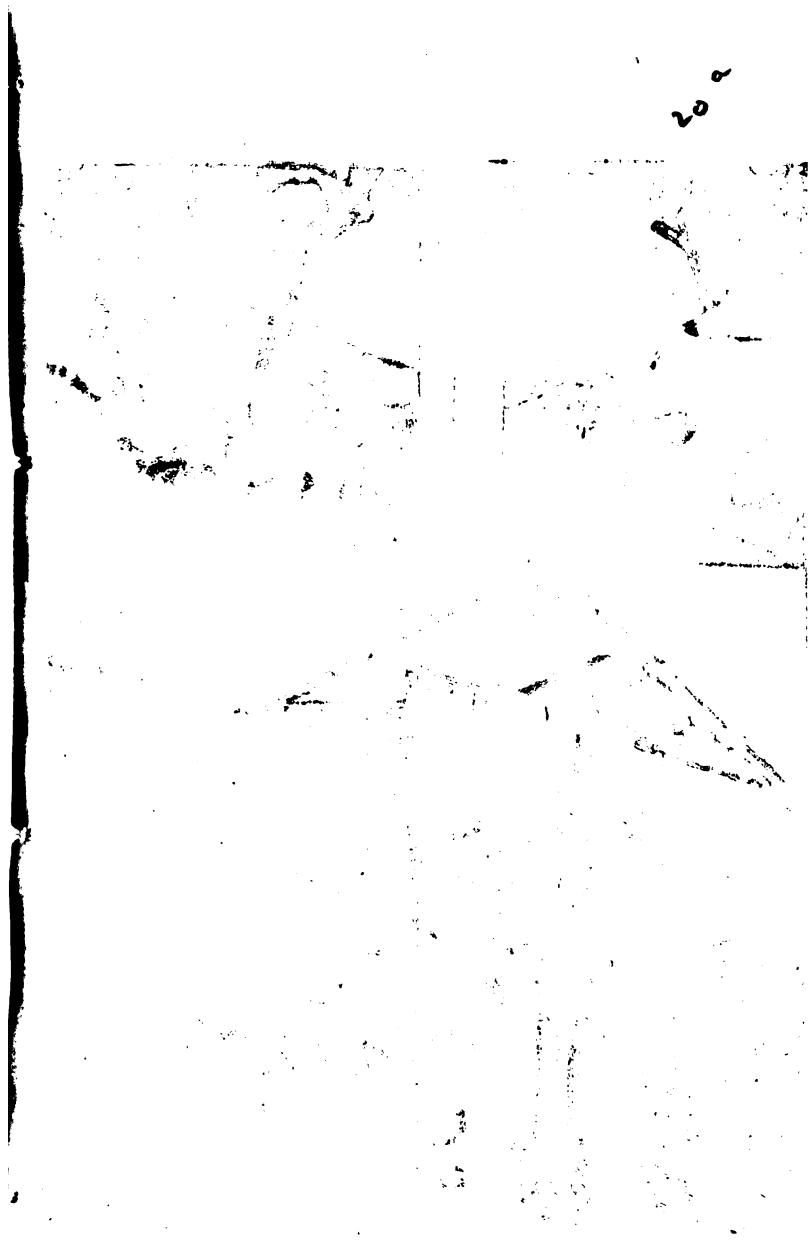
“Just as the white flower blooms for nought
“Save to gratify its lord.”

This verse took the Shōgun's fancy immensely. No sooner did he hear it than he exclaimed :—“ Ah, good, indeed ! Truth and honesty are written on the very face of it ! There are those who maintain that in poetry truth ought to be considered more than ornament. This evidently is the opinion of the composer of this verse. Whoever the author may be, I have no doubt that he or she is an honest, truth-loving person.—Whose can it be ?—As no name is affixed to it, it is not improbable that it has been composed by one of the attendants attached to the castle, or by one of the ladies of my house.”

Inquiry as to the authorship of the poem was by command of the Shōgun at once instituted, and resulted in one of his personal attendants named Ōta Kidayū coming forward and saying :—“ The writer of this verse is among the persons assembled here now.” Iemitsu was pleased to hear this, and at once gave orders that the author should be summoned.

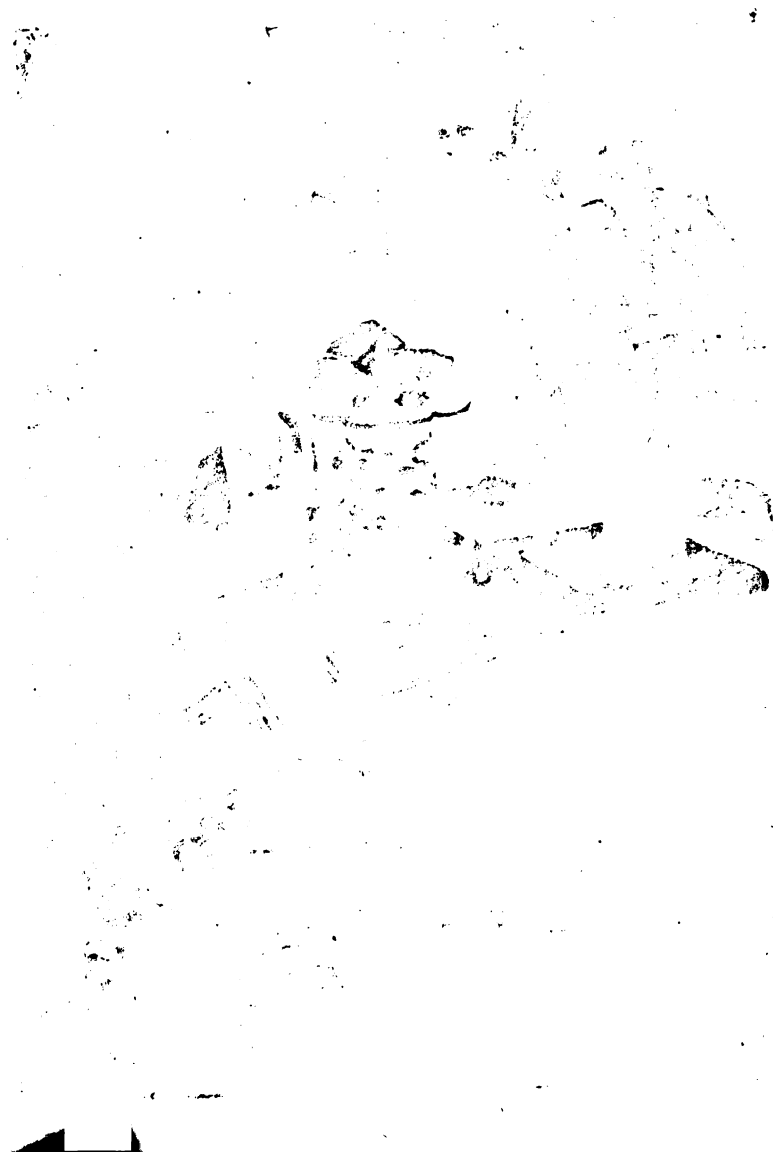
He was, as the reader has probably conjectured by this time, no other than Tada-aki himself. Kidayū, who was a great friend of Tada-aki's, immediately went to him and said :—“ The Shōgun is delighted with your verse, and has *commanded me to call you. Make good use of this opportunity for conciliating him, you will never get such another.*”

202









Gratified by the success of his verse, Tada-aki rose, and, walking deliberately up to the spot where the Shōgun was seated, said :—" I beg to congratulate your Lordship on the success of to-day's festivities ! "

The Shōgun looked as though he had been shot. Nothing could have mortified him more than to discover that the sentiment which as a sentiment he had applauded so much was entertained by a man to whom he felt such deep aversion. And to think that he should actually have given utterance in public to encomiums on the character of the writer of the verse, a man to whom he could not force himself to address a single word for the space of nine months, and to whom even now he could not find it in his heart to speak ! Marred was the Shōgun's day's pleasure—its sunshine gave place to gloom—its sweetness was turned to gall.

Rising from his seat, his countenance flushed with rage, " Let the chrysanthemums be all thrown away ! " shouted the Shōgun, and forthwith returned to his private apartments. Thus ended that day's festivities.

" Well, well ! " said Tada-aki to himself ; " the Shōgun's anger is unappeasable. There is no help for it !—The only course left open to me is to lay down my life. My life is not so *valuable that I need seek to preserve it when it involves my being an annoyance to my master—I will die.*"






While these thoughts were passing through Tada-aki's mind, his intimate friend Kidayū was watching him closely. By the rapid changes which Tada-aki's features were undergoing, Kidayū perceived that serious resolutions were being made, resolutions which, if not checked in the process of formation, might lead to his friend's death. And so, suddenly going up to him, he aroused him from his reverie thus:—"Bungo! By your looks, you seem to be resolving something serious. Do nothing hurriedly. Your loyalty and faithfulness are well known to me, and I shall take the first opportunity of convincing the Shōgun that he has wronged you."

"That your intentions are excellent," replied Tada-aki, "and that what you say is dictated by your regard for me, I do not question; but 'tis no use—the Shōgun will never care for me again. The very sight of me is distasteful to him. There is no object in my dragging out existence under such circumstances. Life is not worth living situated as I am."

Here Kidayū cast his eyes around to see if any one was listening, and perceiving that no one was near enough to hear what was said, replied:—"If the Shōgun's feelings towards you were absolutely incapable of being changed, long before this you would have been degraded from office or ordered to commit suicide. It is because Iemitsu knows that you have *been wronged* by him, that he takes no active measures to *punish you*."

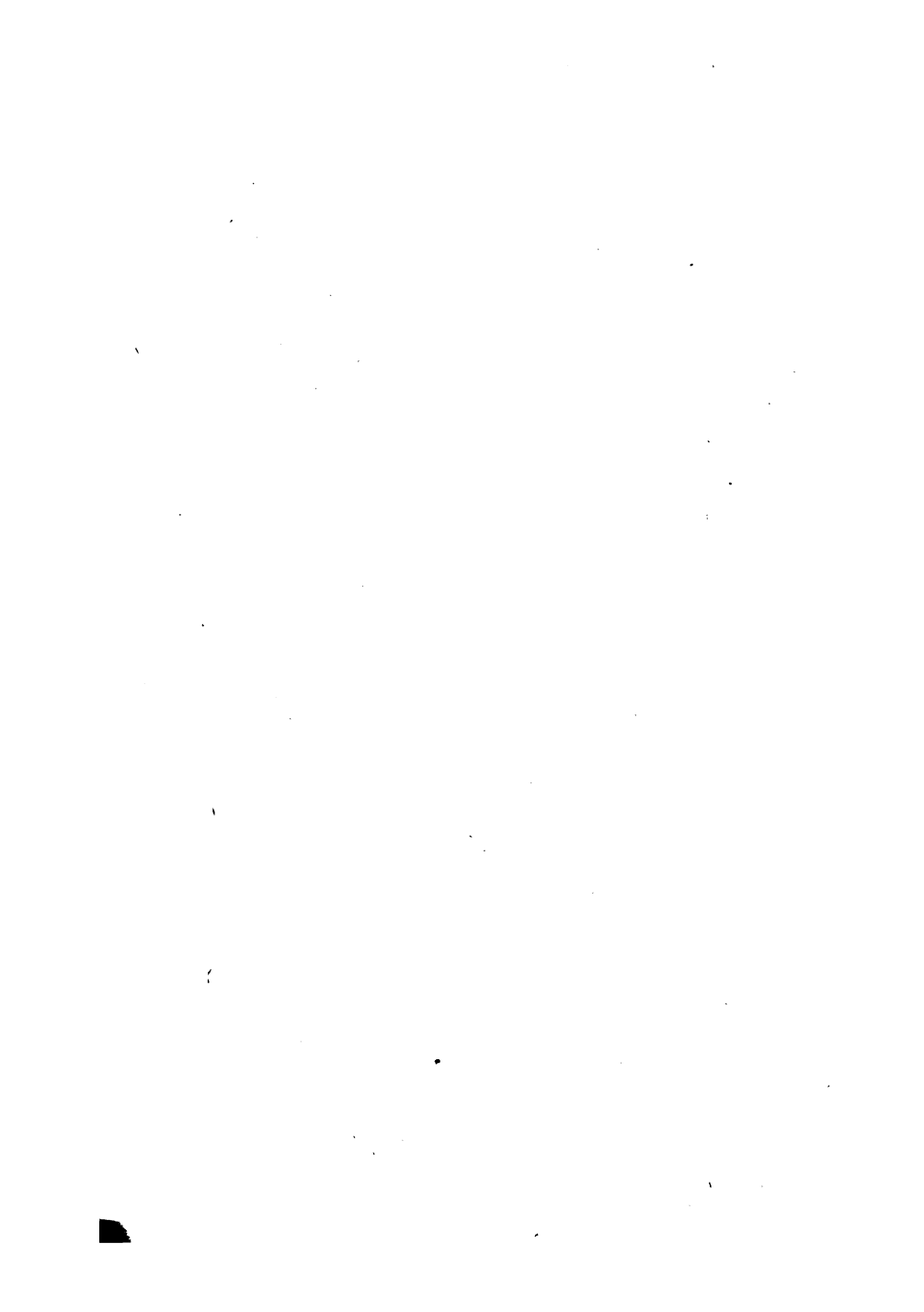


Kidayū's surmises were correct. A struggle between his pride and his sense of right was going on in Iemitsu's mind. To acknowledge himself in the wrong after so many months of proud reserve, was very hard to one so unaccustomed to be crossed as the Shōgun. Iemitsu's heart seemed proof against all attempts to soften it. Shut up within its own fortifications, his sullenness seemed to be absolutely unassailable. But there lived in close contact with the Shōgun an old man who was specially skilled in treating such fits of morosity as that from which Iemitsu was suffering, and who, by a rare combination of shrewdness and courage, seldom failed to effect a cure. How he fared in the present instance will presently be seen.

In the meanwhile, our story returns to Tada-aki. "Very good," said this knight to Kidayū; "I will leave the matter with you." Thus assured, Kidayū parted from his friend; and Tada-aki made his way to his own home in Ogawa-machi.

On reaching his house, Tada-aki was met at the door by his various dependants and councillors. Addressing Hirata Dan-emon, his chief councillor, he said—"Let the drawing-room be put in order. Deck it out with chrysanthemums; and let the pictures of Amida be hung on the walls."

Dan-emon wondered what was going to happen, but as his master did *not* seem to be in a communicative mood, he *thought it best not* to question him on the matter.





Tada-aki's wife came out to meet her husband. Seeing in an instant that something was amiss, "My lord looks ill," she exclaimed. "Shall I send for a doctor?"

"There is nothing amiss with my body," replied Tada-aki, "but there is something that concerns my position in the world; but—see that none of the girls approach this room; you too must retire."

"Being a woman," said Tada-aki's wife,* "of course it is not to be supposed that you would confer with me on any subject; but, as you know, my father, being an old man, is not without experience in most matters. If there is anything on your mind on which you would like to take counsel with another, he shall be called." Matsudaira, Tamba-no-Kami, was the person to whom she referred.

"Thanks for your kindness," replied Tada-aki, "but there is no need to call Tamba-no-Kami—I shall be obliged by your withdrawing."

This conversation between Tada-aki and his wife differs from anything that would be likely to take place among Westerns. But it is a fair specimen of the way in which the etiquette of the age required a high born Japanese knight to treat his spouse. She was regarded more as a guest than a wife.

* Her name is not given. It is seldom that we find in either *Chinese or Japanese* records the names of women. They are usually *spoken of as the wife, mother, or daughter, as the case may be, of—*

She seldom ventured to inquire minutely into any of her lord's affairs, much less to give him advice thereon. Thus the bold *samurai* of ancient Japan differed in an important respect from the brave cavalier of ancient Europe. The Japanese knight had no consort whom education, general enlightenment, and social position had rendered a fitting companion at all times and not infrequently a wise counsellor. No such adoring words as Bulwer Lytton, with so much truth, as well as effect, represents Rienzi to have addressed to his beloved Nina, were ever uttered by any Japanese knight to his Oume or Ofusa. No such scene as the following can be imagined as taking place between an ancient Japanese hero and his spouse:—

“ Well, my beautiful, you have acted as ever kindly and nobly. Let us to other themes. I am in danger.’

‘ Danger!’ echoed Nina, turning pale.

‘ Why, the word must not appal you; you have a spirit like mine, that scorns fear; and for that reason, Nina, in all Rome you are my only confidant. It is not only to gladden me with thy beauty, but to cheer me with thy counsel, to support me with thy valour, that heaven gave me thee as a helpmate.”*

Or, to take an instance from more ancient times, in the case of Brutus we have a man who, like Tada-aki, had a great secret which he was trying to hide from his wife. How

* *Vide Rienzi*, by Lord Lytton.

boldly and nobly did Portia assert her claim to know that secret! and how readily did Brutus admit the justness of this claim! Shakespeare is giving us no mere fanciful picture of a Roman matron, but describes her as history has painted her to us, when he represents the wife of Brutus as one accustomed to live on terms of strict equality with her husband:—

Portia. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I shall know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then I should know this secret,
I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them;
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!"

We have only to contrast such pictures as these with what we read of the relations of the wives of high born *samurai* to their husbands to see how enormous is the difference between the wife of the West and that of the East. The only approach to the assertion of woman's rights displayed among the ancient Japanese and Chinese appears in the stern authority exercised by certain mothers over their sons. This is very different in character from the influence of the Western wife over her husband. The Japanese lady lived and to some extent still lives in a different world from her husband—not merely on terms of inequality but with only faint approaches to anything like familiarity. This fact accounts in a large measure for those acts of the Japanese knight for which no parallel can be found in the West. Before he went out to battle or calmly and deliberately committed suicide in his own house the ancient *samurai* had not to contend with any of those feelings with which a Western soldier had to struggle when going to the battle-field. The softer side of the Japanese *samurai's* nature cannot be said to have been altogether uncultivated, but the forces and influences wielded by a woman of intelligence, education and strength of character, who from morning to night lives on terms of equality with her husband, never having been brought to play on his heart, he could sit in *his drawing room* and, amid a brilliant assembly of invited

guests, or quite alone, as the case might be, without a tear and without change of countenance, commit suicide. This was courage, and perhaps courage unsurpassed anywhere, but it was courage of the stoical type—courage that involved a suppression almost amounting to extinction of those fine, tender feelings with which most men find themselves endowed.

I do not think that any one who is versed in Japanese history would assert that there were no women in Japan at the time of which I write worthy of the full confidence of their husbands. Women like the mothers of some of the forty-seven *rōnin* could have been trusted with dangerous secrets without betraying any feminine weakness. The mother of Chikamatsu Yukishige gently reproved her son for not informing her of his design against Kira Nagayoshi and then addressed him as follows :—" I am very old and feeble. Any morning or night I may be gone. And now it does my heart good to hear that you are laying down your life in the discharge of those duties which loyalty to our late lord demands. I rejoice that your name will be enrolled among the faithful who from ancient times have sacrificed their lives in a similar cause. Why should I mourn over such an event? My only regret is that I have not known of it before. Hitherto I have not looked on you as one who was cherishing such a noble *ambition in his mind*, and therefore I have not treated you *with the profound respect with which I now regard you.*"

Shortly after this noble woman was found lying in a pool of blood. She had died by her own hand, and inscribed on a piece of paper that lay by her side were these words, "As you make the existence of an old woman like myself a reason for not exerting yourself to the full in a righteous cause, I die, and leave you to serve your native province by killing the enemy of your lord. I pass on before you and your brave associates to the world of spirits, not caring to be behind you."

Again, when Sugino Harafusa's mother found that she was the cause of her son's not joining Oishi Yoshio's band, she killed herself by biting her tongue and left by her side the following lines for her son's perusal: "You make my age an excuse for doing what is neither filial nor loyal. In order that your mind may be thoroughly and undividedly set on carrying out what has now become the great purpose of your life, I part from you. I charge you henceforth to be diligent in showing yourself to be no less loyal than filial."

The mother of Hara Gōemon died in the same way; leaving among other admonitions the following for her son's guidance: "There are times when filial piety and faithfulness to a lord are incompatible, when the former has to give place to the latter. If you know that you have an enemy, then *you ought not to know that you have a mother.....*"



very much fear that this indecision of yours, if carried much further, will cast a blot on our name and sully the reputation which our ancestors have bequeathed to us. To prevent all this, I die. In the land of shades I shall meet with our late lord. Henceforth regard Kira Yoshinaga* as the enemy of your mother as well as of your lord."

The tale of these three mothers shows very plainly that there were many women as well as men in days gone by to whom life was only valuable when its preservation involved no disgrace. As among the ancient Romans so among the Japanese suicide was not only not associated with insanity or want of moral courage to face the difficulties of life, it was regarded as highly honourable ; in fact, it was considered as the only course to which under certain circumstances a brave, and at the same time a conscientious, man or woman could resort. These mothers were of opinion that if they remained alive the thought of them might unnerve the arms of the three brave knights who were to execute vengeance upon Kira Yoshinaga ; and so they all died by their own hands. To live and be a hindrance to the progress and success of the cause that they felt to be so sacred—this they could not endure. So permeated were they with the spirit of loyalty to their rulers, of faithfulness to their supporters, that life no longer had any charms

* *Yoshinaga*, and not *Yoshihide*, is the correct reading of this name.

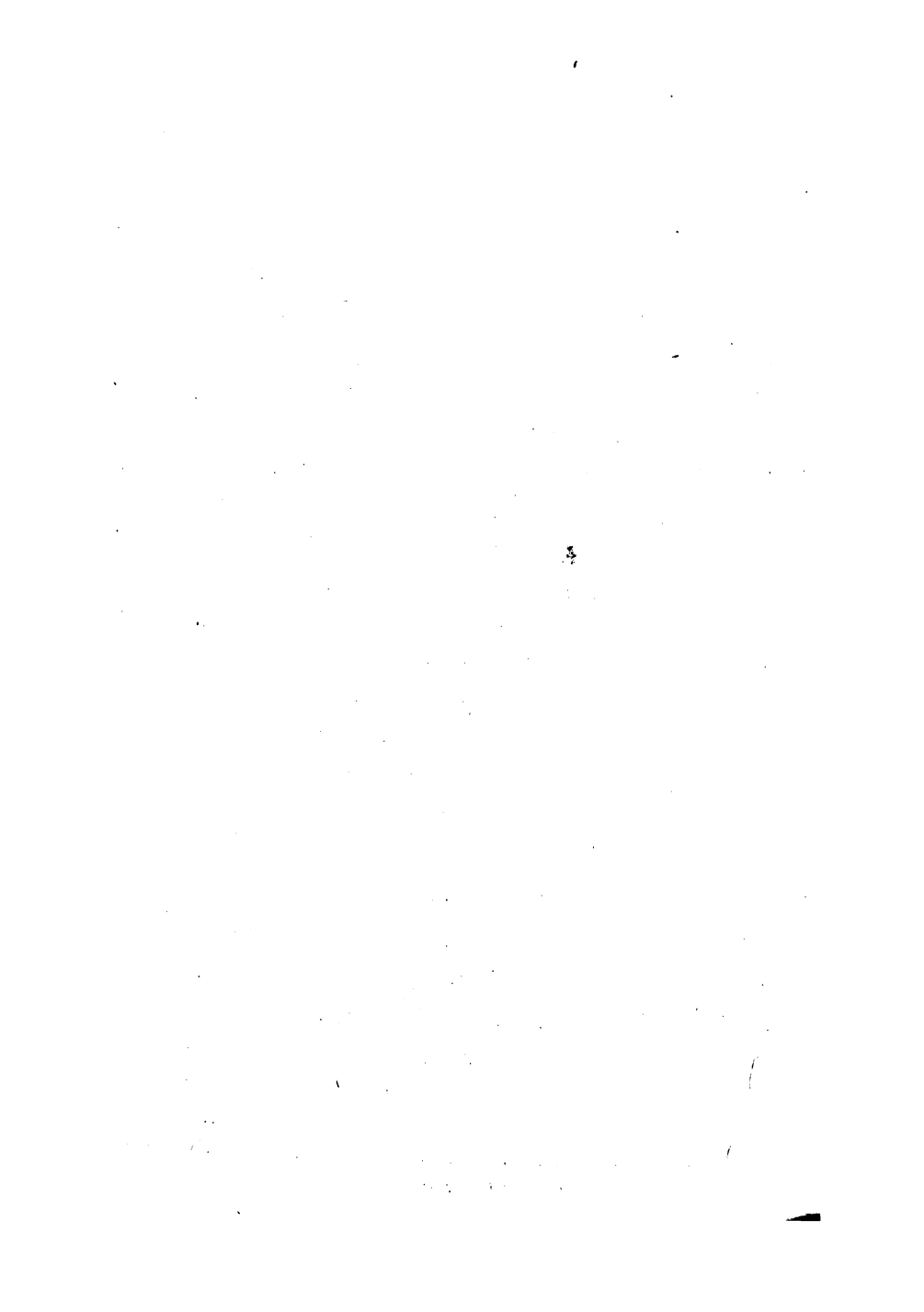
for them while wrongs committed against their benefactors remained unredressed and the reproach they had suffered in consequence unremoved. Though custom forbade women to join in the battle of vengeance, except under certain special circumstances, it did not forbid their showing that they were inspired by that cool courage and disregard of life which was in those days in the case of such good swordsmen as the forty-seven *rōnin* a sure guarantee of success. As an illustration of the sentiment which actuated these three and many other women we may quote the words of Mencius:—"I like fish; and I also like bears' feet. If I am unable to obtain both, I will let the fish go, and take the bears' feet. So I like life; and I also like righteousness. If I cannot keep the two together, I will let life go, and choose righteousness.

"I like life indeed, but there is that which I like more than life; and therefore I will not consent to hold it in any but an honourable way. I dislike death indeed but there is that which I dislike more than death; and therefore there are occasions when I will not avoid calamity (that may cause death).

"If among the things which a man likes there were nothing which he liked more than life, why should he not use all available means to preserve it?

"If among the things which a man dislikes there were *nothing which he disliked more than death*, why should he not





do everything to avoid calamity (that might occasion death)?

"(But as things are) there are cases when by a certain course men might preserve life, and yet they do not resort to that course; and when by performing certain things they might avoid the calamity that occasions death, and yet they do not perform them.

"Therefore men have that which they like more than life and that which they dislike more than death."*

But to return to our tale, Tada-aki's wife saw that it was useless to attempt to argue with her husband, so immediately leaving the room, she scribbled a letter to her father, who lived near Gofuku-bashi, telling him how things stood, and urging him to come to the house at once; which letter was despatched by one of her female attendants.

In the meanwhile, Tada-aki having given strict orders that no one was to approach the room which he occupied, the preparations necessary for the dire act which he had resolved to commit had to be made by himself. Deliberately did the knight rise from his seat, kindle a light, and set fire to the two burners which stood in front of the pictures of Amida; then, after spreading two red rugs, intended to prevent the blood from injuring the mats, he put on a suit of white clothes, and over these his

* The original of this passage is very fine. It is given in full in my *Wago Eiyaku*, published by the Sansaidō.

hempen dress of ceremony; after which, sitting down with his face towards the Shōgun's castle, and placing his dirk by his side ready for use, he soliloquized thus:—"Though from the depth of my heart I am conscious of no disloyalty of any kind, yet, owing to some occult cause,* I have been destined to offend my lord. Well is it said, 'Where the water is clear, no fish are found—where the heart is upright, friends are few.'† I have done my very best to serve my master, but since the beginning of the year, without any real cause for it, he has looked upon me with aversion. To live when my life is no longer a source of pleasure to my lord would be a breach of loyalty; and so I will die, and thus from the land of shades shall my plea for forgiveness reach my master's ears. In reception of large emoluments, and yet unable to serve the house which has bestowed them—such is the unhappy lot of Abe Tada-aki!"

* *Innen*: something connected with a previous state of existence which determines what takes place in this life. Without actual belief in the doctrine of transmigration, it was customary in those days to speak of events whose origin was mysterious as having affinity or relation to something that took place in a previous life, on the principle that to certain minds an inadequate or unsatisfactory reason for the occurrence of an event seems better than no reason at all.

† The allusion is somewhat obscure. The meaning seems to be that just as *very clear water* is marked by the comparative absence of fish, *so strict integrity is not practised by many*. The path of uprightness being trodden by few, he that walks in it must necessarily become unpopular.

He paused ; and was about to commit the last dread act, when the sliding doors of the drawingroom were suddenly thrown back, and in rushed Hirata Dan-emon. Seeing in an instant what was contemplated, Dan-emon grasped his master's arm and, wrenching the dirk from his hand, exclaimed :—
“ Are you mad that you thus attempt to commit suicide ? ”

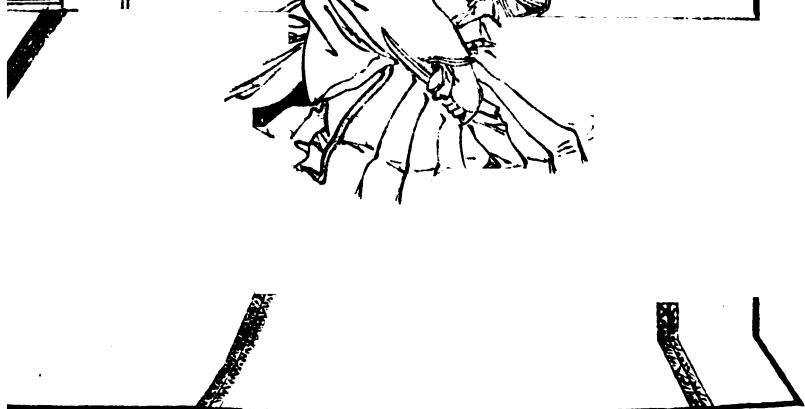
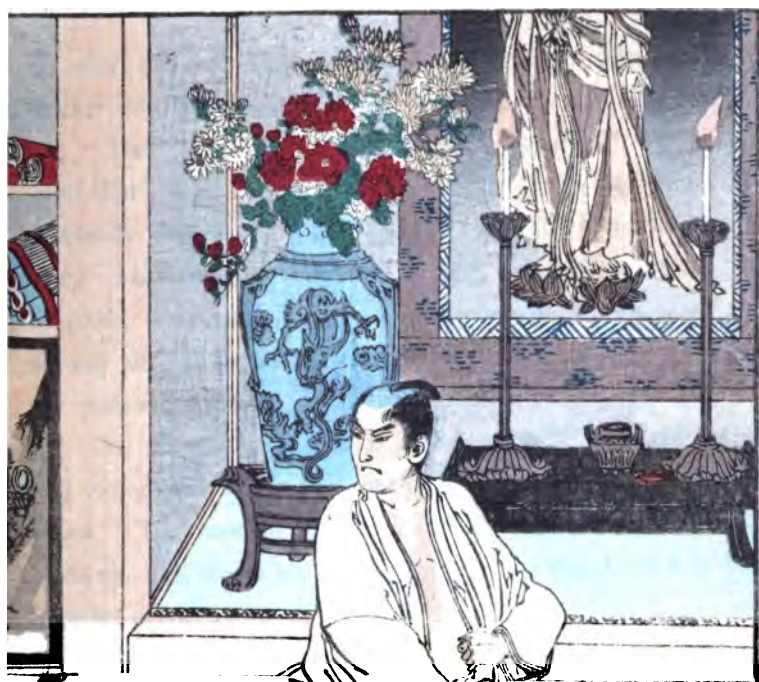
“ Don't excite yourself ! ” replied Tada-aki. “ I am not mad. There is a reason for what I am doing, which, if you will listen quietly, I will state to you.”

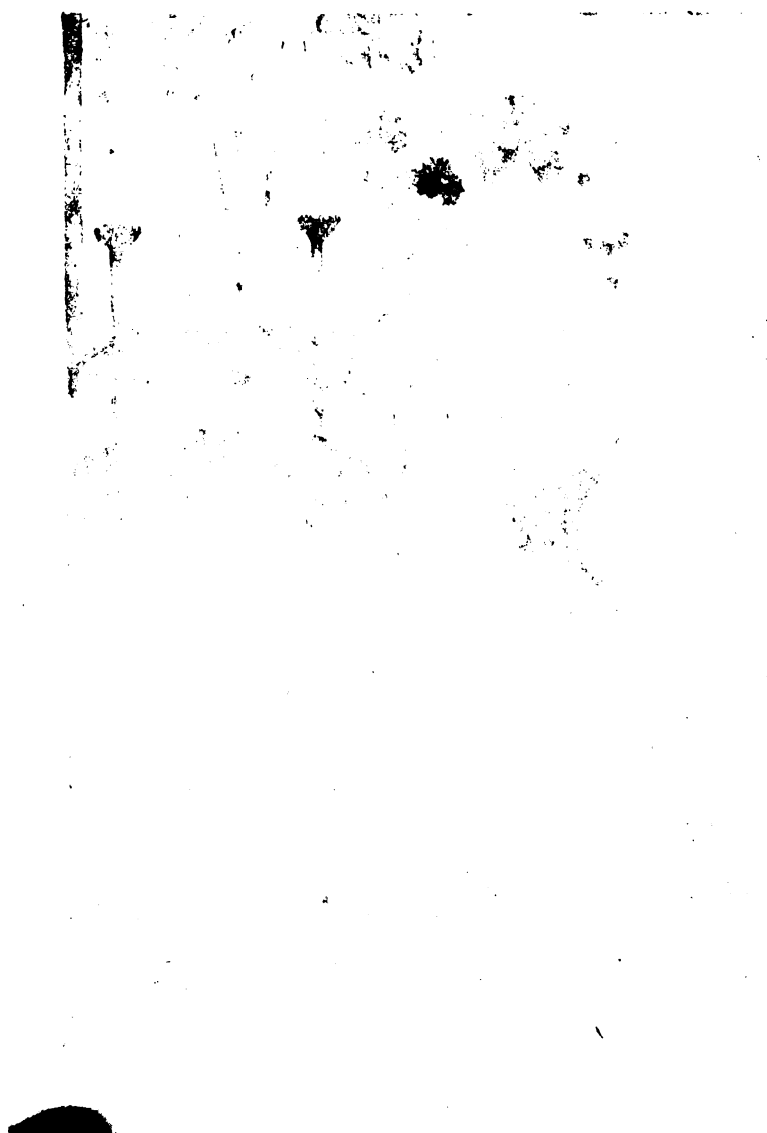
Here Tada-aki related to Dan-emon in detail all that had happened. “ And,” said he, “ had it not been for the presence of Kidayū, and that I was afraid of soiling the mats of the Shōgun's summer-house with my blood, I should have committed suicide immediately after this afternoon's incident in the very house in which it occurred.”

Having concluded his story, Tada-aki sprang at Dan-emon and attempted to regain possession of the deadly weapon. But the latter was no less determined than his master, and though very old, being a powerful man, he held his own against Tada-aki for some little time, but, fearing that he might ultimately be overcome, he exclaimed :—
“ Hold ! hold ! and listen to what I have to say. If you are determined to die, don't do it in this underhand way. You *know that it is* but right that you should bid farewell to your *mother before* committing suicide. If I were to allow you to

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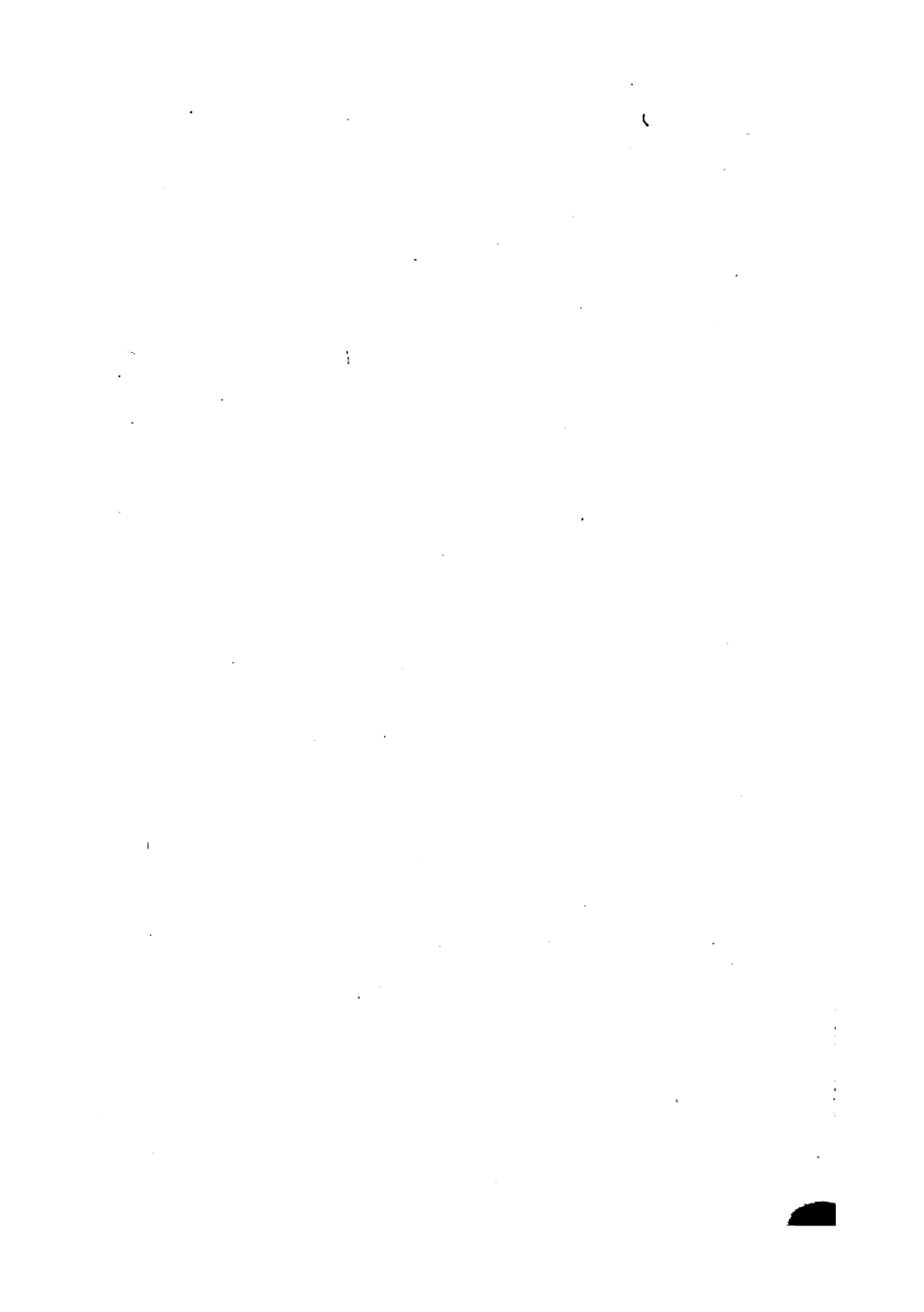
die after this fashion, I should be censured severely by your mother for not having informed her of what is taking place."

"That is all very true," replied Tada-aki. "I am aware that what I purpose doing is not altogether filial; but I console myself with the thought that this breach of filial piety may be atoned for in the land of shades. If, however, you object, and are determined to prevent my putting an end to myself without acquainting my mother with my purpose, then let her be summoned."

The mother was called, and with her Tada-aki's wife and various other members of the family entered the drawing-room. The women commenced to weep and to beseech Tada-aki not to be so inconsiderate as to kill himself in the way he proposed.

Tada-aki was a man who, while, as stated above, treating his wife with all the coldness that the etiquette of those days required, had one of the tenderest of hearts, and being specially fond of his mother, was entirely unnerved by what took place, and brushed away a manly tear that, try as he would, he was unable to suppress.

"From whom did you receive all that you possess, and how did you become what you are?" asked the mother. "Am I not the source of it all? Had it not been for my care, would you have been alive to-day? And, now, ignoring *all this*, you purpose killing yourself! The very essence of



self-will, indeed! Was ever the like heard of before? Had your father been alive, of course you would not have dared to act in this way. Because I am a woman you think that you can afford to treat me with contempt. What do you mean by resolving to inflict wounds on the body that you received from me, without informing me of your purpose? "

It was the teaching of Confucianism that, since the body of a child was received whole from its parent at birth, it was but proper that it should be given back to that parent at death without any marks of violence on it. "Spread out my hands and my feet," said Sōshi, when about to die, "and see how entire they are. In fear and trembling, as though walking on the edge of a precipice or on thin ice, have I passed my days. Now I know that I have escaped the dangers of life unscathed."* The *Kōkyō* contains the following passage:—"The body in all its parts, even to the hair and skin, has been received from parents. To beware of injuring the body in any way constitutes the first element of filial piety."

With these sentiments was the mother of Tada-aki actuated, and thus proceeded:—"If there is an adequate reason

* The dangers referred to are those connected with injuring the body. His great anxiety was to deliver an unmutilated body to his mother.

for your dying by your own hand, then your mother is not so deficient in the warrior spirit as to stand in your way even for an instant. Yea, more, should necessity demand it, she would think nothing of laying down her own life with that of her son's. Nor would even the total ruin of the house of Abe be allowed to weigh with her for an instant, did the observance of the just and the right necessarily involve such a calamity."

"And I, too," interposed Tada-aki's wife, "being the wife of a knight, have resolved to die with my lord, if he is bent on putting an end to himself."

What the honourable ladies of the house have said is most right and proper, "remarked Dan-emon; "and as for this old Hirata, having been for the space of sixty-eight years in the receipt of all kinds of benefits from the house of Abe, if matters have come to such a crisis that its lord must needs die by his own hand, he will not be the last to follow his master to the grave."

In the midst of all this, three new arrivals came bouncing into the room; being no other than Tada-aki's father-in-law, Matsudaira, Tamba-no-Kami; a relation, Toda Sakyō, and Ōkubo Hikozaemon.


The visitors made inquiries of Tada-aki as to the meaning of all that was taking place, and the latter related to them what has been already given.

When Tada-aki's statement was finished, before either of the three visitors could reply to it, the mother interposed :—
“ What you say is perfectly true ; but still, having done nothing wrong, and your present state of distress proceeding from the Shōgun's resentment alone, there is no reason why you should kill yourself in such a hurry. In acting thus, you would not be dealing fairly with the name you have inherited and the house to which you belong. The house of Abe has not been established without hard fighting. By days and nights of toil, piece by piece and little by little, have our property and our reputation increased till we have attained our present position. It would not be right for you to bring ruin on your house in the way you propose. What I would suggest is that you wait three years longer as you are. If, at the end of that time, the Shōgun's resentment is not appeased, then we will all die together. Bear patiently this delay for the sake of the gratification that it will afford your mother. If you act thus you will, at the expiration of that period, have the satisfaction of dying no less filial as a son than loyal as a servant.”

Here they all commenced to remonstrate with Tada-aki. Hikozaemon spoke as follows :—“ Ah, a brave knight ! a brave knight, indeed !—ready to die rather than live to be an *annoyance* to your lord ! But, nevertheless, there is reason *in what your mother and your father-in-law have been saying.*

There can be no harm in bearing the burden of existence three years longer; and, in that case you will die with the satisfaction of having obeyed your mother. I have no right whatever to interfere in this matter; but it happened just now that, as I was chatting with Tamba-no-Kami in his house, a letter was handed to him. I noticed that he changed countenance as he read it. On inquiry I found out what was occurring and came here as fast as possible, being one, you know, that could not possibly allow such a matter as this to go as it would. My advice is that you attend the Shōgun's court as usual; that you harden your heart as steel, making up your mind that neither his silence nor his cold looks shall influence you one whit—that you serve the appointed time in his presence, treat you as he may. In the meanwhile, I will watch my opportunity for stating your case to Iemitsu."

Deeply impressed by the arguments of one so entirely disinterested as Hikozaemon, Tada-aki agreed to act on his mother's advice and defer his death for three years. On this decision being announced, the party dispersed.




Hikozaemon now continually watched for an opportunity of bringing up Tada-aki's case before the Shōgun. Though so headstrong, overbearing, and regardless of consequences after having commenced to take action, Hikozaemon was a man that never defeated his ends by proceeding in a precipitately hasty manner. He never did a thing out of season : carefully did he watch for a suitable occasion ; patiently did he await its arrival before moving a finger.

It was in March, A. D. 1631, that the old man, when paying his respects to the Shōgun, noticed a weeping cherry-tree about three feet in length planted in a beautifully ornamented Chinese earthenware pot. Around the large saucer in which the pot stood there were some transparently white stones. The tree itself was as fine a specimen of the dwarfed cherry as was ever seen. It had eighty-seven branches, was well covered with leaves, and in full bloom.

"Good morning, Hikozaemon!" said the Shōgun. "Glad to see you,—Hale old man that you are!—Don't you take cold such weather as this?"

"Thank you, my Lord," replied Hikozaemon, "no ; this *old man is not like a great many others, susceptible to every change of temperature. He neither wears heavy clothes in*



winter nor strips himself naked in summer. He eats three good meals a day. He gets up at four in the morning and goes to bed at twelve at night. He does not give way to dissipation. The consequence is that he has an iron constitution which can stand anything. The only cause for regret is that the doctors can never make a living out of such a one as he."

"To be sure! to be sure!" repeated Iemitsu, laughing. "Careful old man that you are, I have no doubt you hardly know what illness is! Well, now, what do you think of this cherry-tree?"

"A very fine tree, my Lord, a very fine tree! I suppose you would not make me a present of it?"

"A pretty bold request, I must say!" exclaimed the Shōgun. "It is because you are an old man who does not know the difference between one thing and another and with no special liking for any one thing in particular, that you venture to ask for such a rare tree as this. I will give you anything else that you may wish for, but this tree I cannot spare."

"I do not care for anything else, replied Hikozaemon."

"It is because this tree is so rare that I wish to possess it. I want to take it home and put it in my room. It will be a solace to me in my old age."

"No, no!" replied the Shōgun; "I cannot part with it; so it is no use pressing the matter."





"Then" rejoined Hikozaemon, "*this* is what I will do with it"—Suiting the action to the word, he took up the pot in which the tree stood; dashed it violently to the ground, and smashed it to bits, breaking the tree, and scattering the lovely blossoms to the four winds. As he did it, the old man laughed a loud hollow laugh, and danced about as though he had suddenly gone out of his mind.

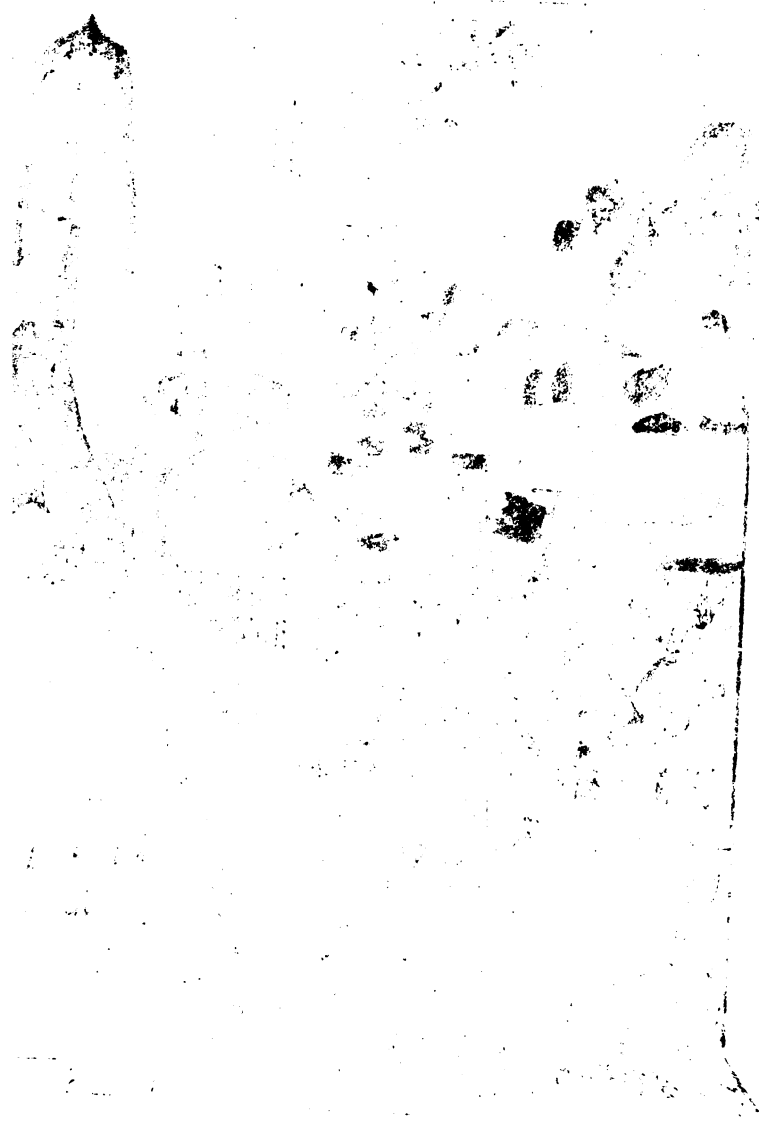
The attendants on the Shōgun were utterly taken aback by this proceeding. Hikozaemon even when in his ordinary moods, was not a man that they dared interfere with. He had almost unbounded liberty to do as he pleased in the Shōgun's presence, no one but Iemitsu himself ever venturing to cross him. Hence it was out of the question their doing anything now; so they looked aghast, until the Shōgun broke the silence with:—

"You old rascal! Are you in your dotage that you act in this mad way? What do you mean by it?"

"No, no;" replied Hikozaemon: "I am no madman. The cherry-tree is a very pleasant object to look at, I have no doubt. But if I cannot possess it, then I had rather not have to look at it. So I have put it out of sight."

"Selfishness, indeed!" rejoined the Shōgun. "Because you cannot see a thing yourself, not to wish anyone else to do so! What next shall we hear? I pardon the insult *offered me in you*, though I would not do so in any one *else*; but you are to leave my presence at once."

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"Leave the Shōgun's presence! Leave the Shōgun's presence!" reiterated attendant after attendant.

"Noisy young lords that you are!—keep quiet, will you;" retorted the old man. "I am not going to leave the Shōgun's presence for you or any one else." Then, turning to Iemitsu, he inquired:—"Which do you most esteem, trees or men? Do you think that this tree is worthy of being compared to a man like myself. This old man Hikozaemon has done some good service in his time. When only fifteen years of age in the Nagashino war he led the van which attacked the enemy, and had the honour of carrying off the first head. And then in the fifth year of the Keichō era (A. D. 1600), in the battle of Aonogahara, he defended the head-quarters of your grandfather Ieyasu, saving him from the destruction with which he was threatened. Then in the first year of the Genwa period (A. D. 1615), Ieyasu's life was again endangered by a mine of powder that had been laid by Sanada. It was Hikozaemon that rescued him, and it was through him that he escaped to Nara. Subsequent to this, when he took refuge in a Beniya,* at Ibaraki, I stood by your grandfather's horse and preserved him from harm. On account of these things it was that Lord Ieyasu directed me to reprove both his son and grandson when they did anything wrong. I am sorry to have to say so, but it seems to me

*A shop where rouge is sold.





that you value things more than men. For the sake of this tree, you would banish from your presence a man who has rendered such services as I. As long as a Shōgun acts thus, how is it possible that he can govern the country in a satisfactory manner? It was not I who injured your tree, but your grandfather acting through me. I was but the agent that executed the business; he it was who ordered it."

"I see what you mean", replied the Shōgun. "I have been in the wrong. One who is at the head of affairs, who is looked up to by all, gradually and imperceptibly gets into an extravagant way of living. I have undoubtedly often been guilty of things of this kind. One who occupies such a conspicuous position in the state as I ought to be most careful how he acts, as the saying goes:—'Though the profit accruing from a trifling virtuous act may be hardly perceptible, such an act is not to be left unperformed on that account: and though the trouble that results from a small evil action amounts to very little, such an action ought not to be committed on that account'. There is no knowing to what proportions small imperfections of conduct may grow, and therefore all such should be nipped in the bud. I hope therefore that without the slightest reserve you will reprove what you see amiss in me."

Hikozaemon, bowing his head low to the ground, replied:—"If you are of this mind, then I have something

to say to you. If you value men more than things, and are determined to do all that lies in your power to procure and to keep when procured men of sterling worth to administer affairs, then I wish to know how it is that a man whose father and grandfather spent their lives in the service of your house has for the space of fifteen months been treated as though he had committed some crime? I refer to no other than Abe Bungo."

"Bungo hates me," rejoined the Shōgun. "If I say that a thing is right, he always says that it is wrong. He opposes me for opposition's sake. Then, last year, three times he beat me at fencing, for nothing else but to vent his spite on me."

"It is this especially that I wish to speak about," answered Hikozaemon. "For a man to hear his actions applauded is always gratifying. And when a person of very high rank is concerned, then in his court of course virtue and vice may be made to depend on what is pleasing or displeasing to him: thus his will may become the criterion of right and wrong. And in this way it often happens that the man whom it is the one object of his followers to please is deceived into thinking that what his subordinates pronounce to be right because it is pleasing to him is actually so. *Amid a host of flatterers there stands Bungo, faithful and upright, always ready to tell you the honest truth about*





everything. Bungo has deplored the way in which those who surround you have striven to please rather than to speak the truth. What he did in the fencing ring was done simply to show his disgust at the servility and sycophancy of your courtiers. Your opposing such a man as this and shunning his society, tends to increase the servility and insincerity of your followers."

Iemitsu, blushing slightly, replied:—"You have hit me hard. I acknowledge the truth of what you say. Bungo is, as you represent, a faithful man. But after having slighted him all this time, I should find it very hard to break the silence now."

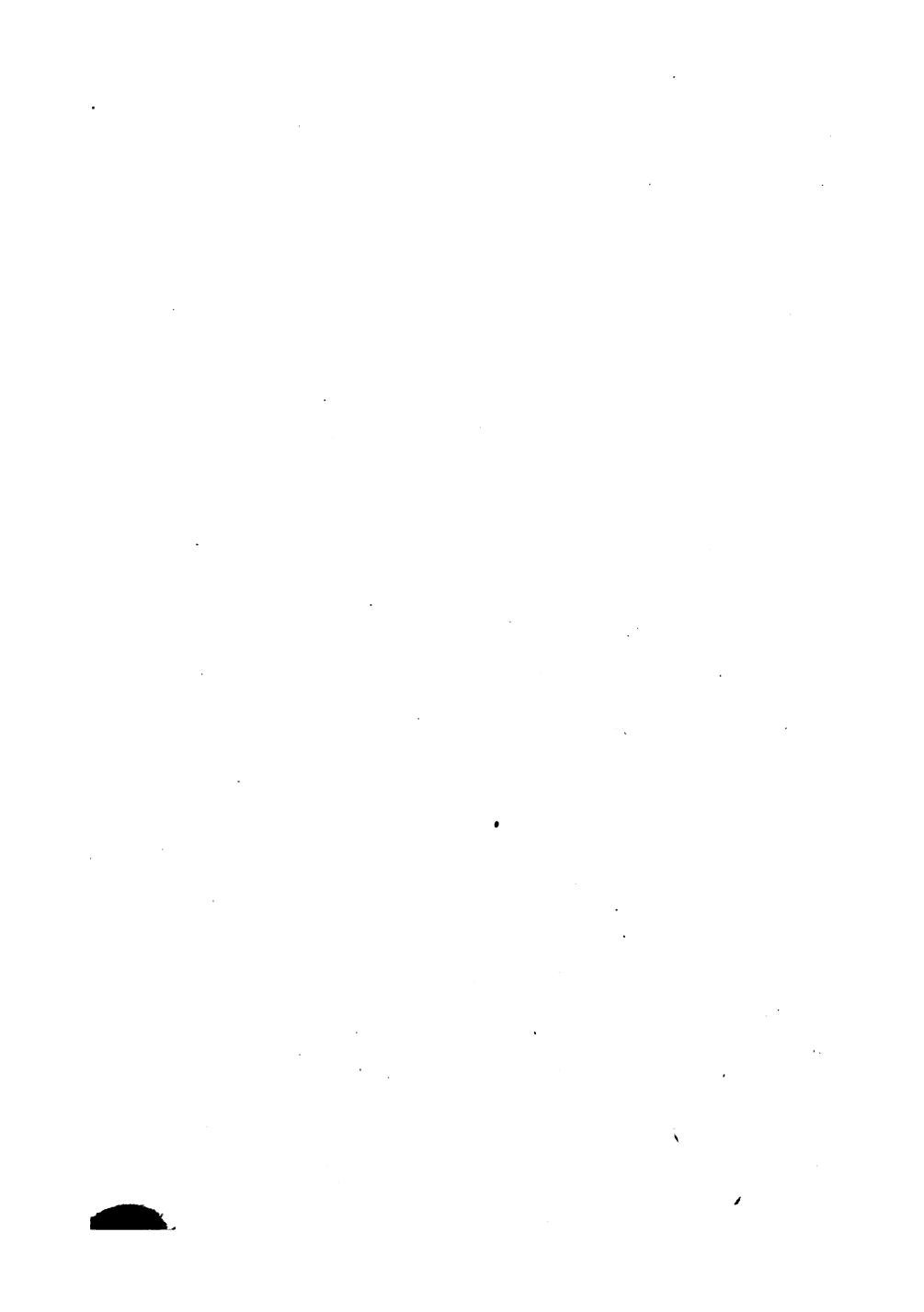
"If you are conscious of having done what is wrong," replied Hikozaemon, "there should be no reluctance to take the necessary steps to set the matter to rights. Is it not somewhat childish to say that you feel ashamed to speak to the man whom you have slighted so long?"

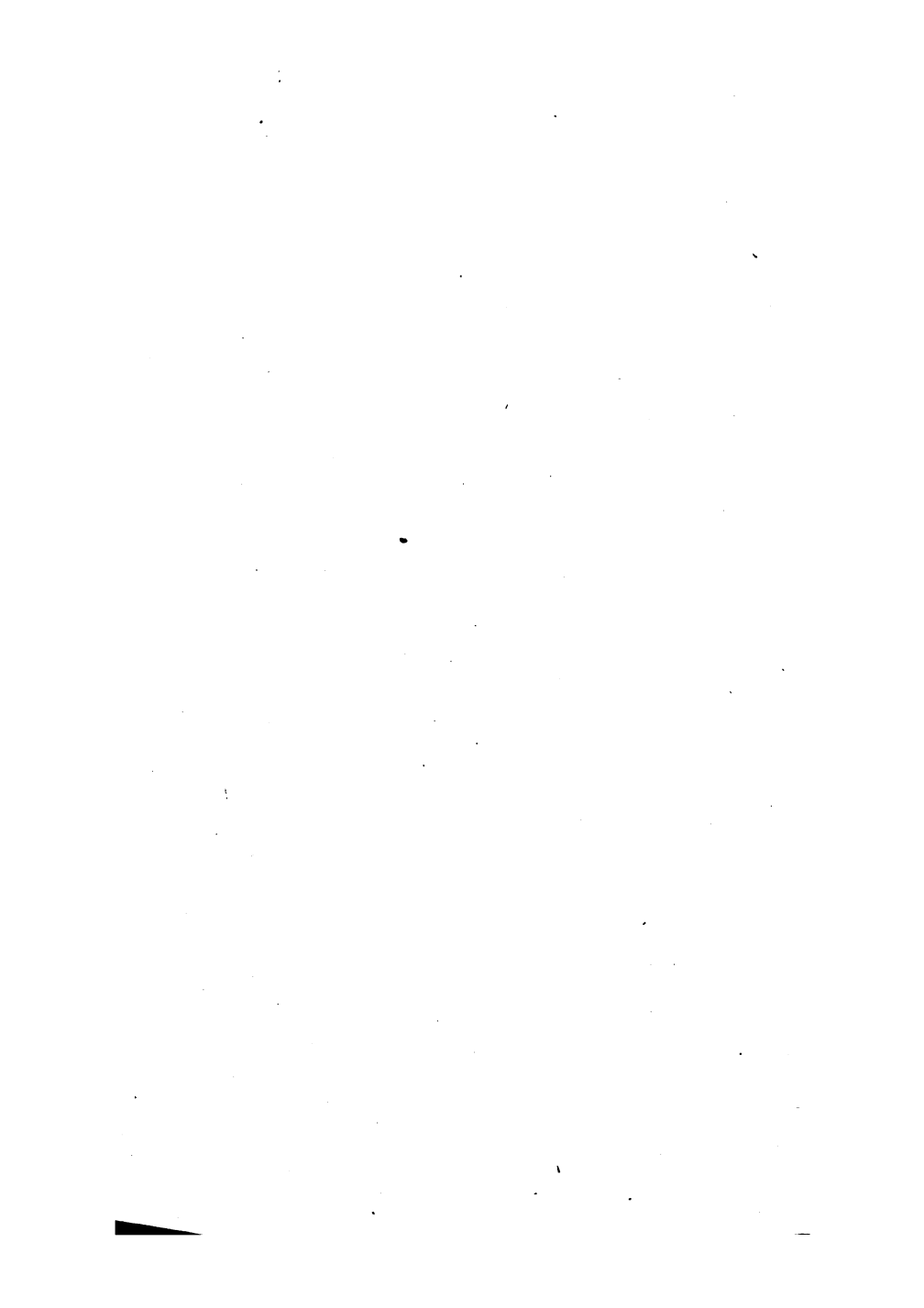
"It may be so," replied the Shōgun. "But, however, I will act on your advice and take the first good opportunity that offers itself of speaking to Bungo. I cannot of course approach him in an abrupt manner; but I have no doubt that before long something will give me an opportunity of speaking to him, so you can set your mind at rest on the subject."

Hikozaemon saw that it would not be wise to press the matter further; so, taking leave of Iemitsu, he went at once

to Tada-aki's house and related to him all that had occurred. The latter was very much gratified by the news, and found the daily task of serving the Shōgun in silence much easier now that there was a reasonable hope that the uncomfortable life which he had been leading so long would terminate happily.

The reader will have been struck with the unreasonableness of Hikozaemon's words and actions on this occasion. The act of injuring the tree was an imitation of numerous other acts of retainers and ministers of state recorded in Chinese and Japanese history. The personal liberty enjoyed by modern monarchs and rulers was in this country as well as elsewhere considerably curtailed in feudal times by the presence of subordinates who looked upon it as their duty to suppress every tendency to voluptuousness of any kind. That the presence of such men in a state or a baron's domain constituted a wholesome check on its rulers is unquestionable. At the same time the lives of many a monarch, many a shōgun and many a baron, were rendered absolutely miserable by the habitual curtailment of their pleasures and the severe reproof of acts that were quite harmless. And many a precious work of art, many a rare specimen of nature, shared the fate of Iemitsu's cherry-tree at the hands of some loyal servant who, in his zeal to prevent its possessor from becoming a mere voluptuary, did not hesitate to commit acts *for which in modern days he would be fined or imprisoned.*





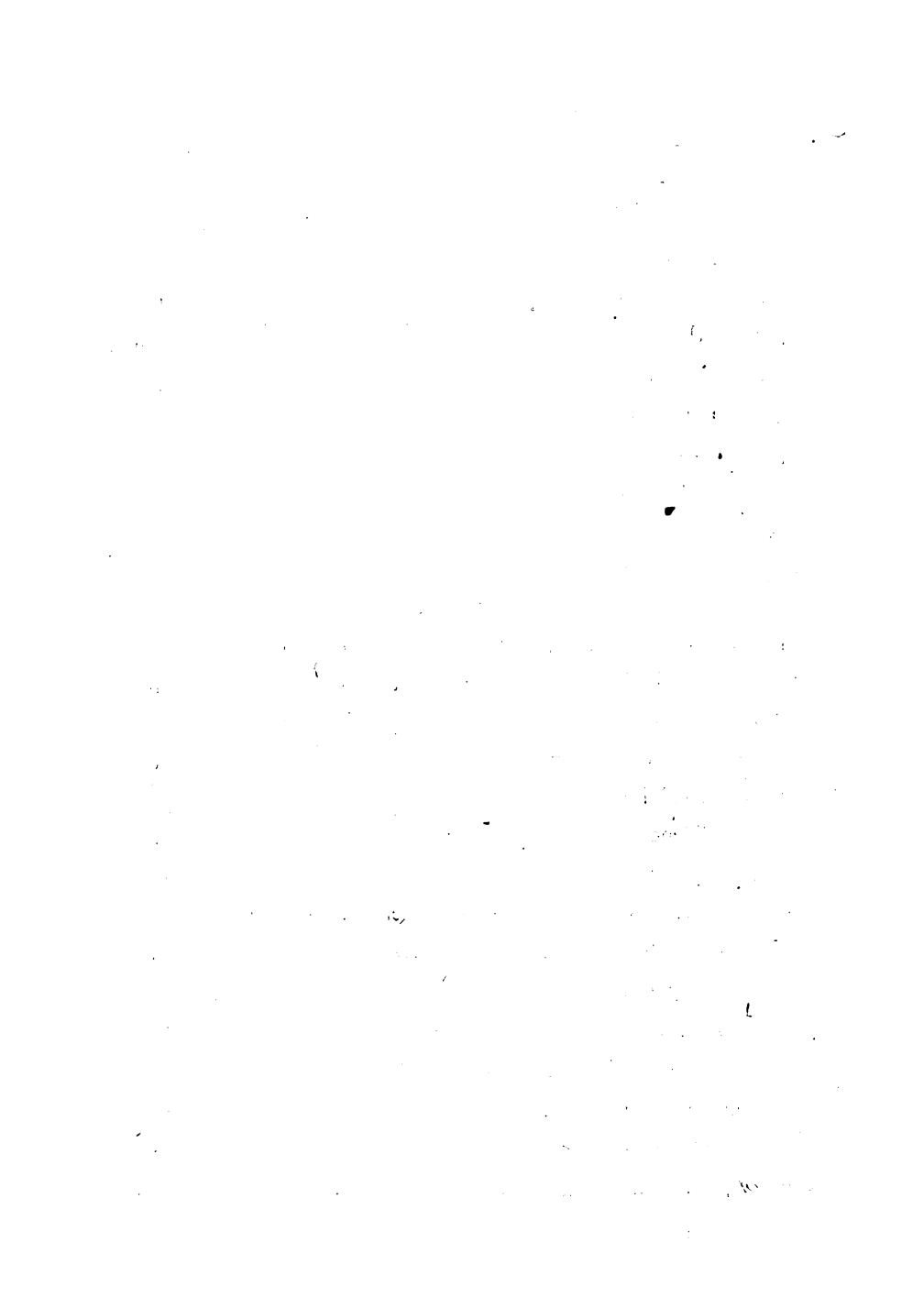
A similar story to the above is related of Ieyasu's son Yorinobu. Telescopes were introduced into Japan in Ieyasu's time. Ieyasu, buying one, made a present of it to his son Yorinobu. Yorinobu was delighted with the gift. From the tower of his castle in Kii he used to spy at everything that took place in the vicinity. As his retainers went in and out, he would look at their costumes and their crests; he took note even of the cast of their countenances, their manner of walking, and various other particulars. One day a number of friends had come by invitation to look through the telescope, and had been greatly amused by all that it had enabled them to see. On the evening of that day Andō Tatewaki, one of Yorinobu's chief retainers, happening to come in, Yorinobu immediately began to talk about his telescope, and to recount some of the amusing scenes in the precincts of the castle which it had revealed. "May I have a look at it"? asked Tatewaki.

"Certainly"; replied Yorinobu immediately sending for the telescope.

Tatewaki took the instrument into an adjoining room and smashed it to bits. Subsequently he justified this action in the following terms:—"Like many other things, telescopes are good if used in a proper manner; not otherwise. When *they are employed* for spying out people's weaknesses and *imperfections*, they are put to an improper use. Supposing

that Yorinobu's retainers learn that their master is in the habit of looking down on them when they pass certain places, they will not care to walk along the roads that are exposed to the gaze of their lord; and in this way a great deal of inconvenience and bad feeling will be caused. No person even in the higher ranks of life always acts just as he should; but when we come to the lower ranks, all kinds of improprieties are quite common. There is nobody who cares to have grand people spying at him as he passes along the road in his careless and oftentimes frolicsome fashion. It does not do for people of rank to be looking at that part of a man's demeanour which it is not intended that they should see. If Yorinobu does this, persons who have hitherto served him well, on account of some trivial impropriety, will be suspected by him and seem to be no longer worthy of his confidence. Certain wise men in China, in order that they might not see the little faults and defects of the lower orders, put a special covering on their heads when they went abroad. All who aim at governing a country must cultivate the feeling which led these sages to act in this way."

Though this form of iconoclasm was not without its noble aspects, it cannot be denied that it contained elements of unreality almost amounting to hypocrisy. The object of the *zealots* of whom I am now writing was to preserve in *time of peace* the moral fibre, the circumspectness, the devotion





to duty which are the special characteristics of a time of war. But in attempting to bring this about, they were attempting an impossibility. That the appearance of distress should be put on when no distress is felt, that men should act in time of peace with all the carefulness and be subject to all the strict discipline of a time of war is in the case of all but those who are under direct military control something that it is unreasonable to expect. The motives of such men as Hikozaemon and Tatewaki were excellent, but the means to which they frequently resorted were not merely injudicious, they were an absolute transgression of the law of right.

The instance with which we are now concerned, however, is not without its redeeming features. Hikozaemon seems to have waited for a considerable time for a favourable opportunity of bringing up Tada-aki's case to Iemitsu. Nothing very promising offered itself. The Shōgun had to be worked into one of his humble moods—had to be made to acknowledge that he was in the wrong on some question on which he had pronounced an opinion, or in some action which he had performed. Hikozaemon, knowing that he had rendered great services to the family, thought that if he could arouse the Shōgun's anger against himself, and lead him to deal somewhat roughly with him, that this would afford a good *opportunity* for the setting forth of all he had done for the *family*, which would have the effect of softening Iemitsu's

heart towards him and of making him ready to please him in almost anything. The set of feelings which all this was calculated to produce would, Hikozaemon thought, be well adapted to lead Iemitsu to give a favourable hearing to Tada-aki's case, and so much the more so as Tada-aki and his ancestors had also rendered great services to the Tokugawa house. Unwarrantable and arbitrary, then, as Hikozaemon's mode of procedure on this occasion strikes one as being, there is much in it that displays a rare knowledge of the laws which govern the play of emotions, which shows an exceptional insight into the transitions that feelings occasionally undergo. With no psychological treatises to guide them, it is astonishing how well such men as Hikozaemon understood the working of the human mind. The perfect ease with which in the world of mind means were adapted to ends by such experts falls nothing short of the skill manifested by the mechanic, the builder, and the engineer in the world of matter. It is in their intimate knowledge of human nature that so many of the ancient Japanese especially excelled, and on this account it is that their actions and words possess an undying interest.



CHAPTER IV.

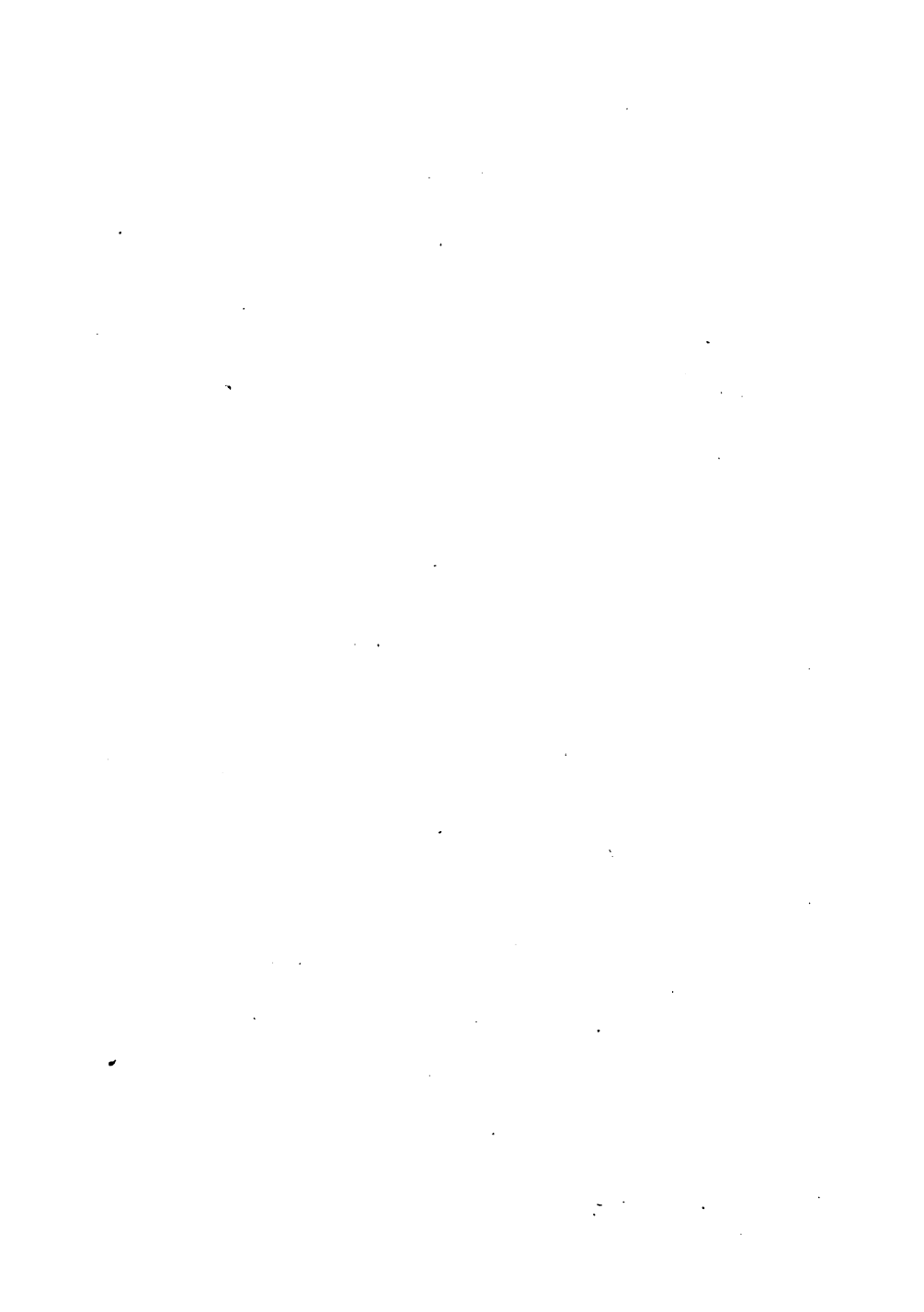
In the ninth year of Kan-ei (A.D. 1632), in the month of August, heavy rain fell in Edo and its vicinity during seven days, causing great floods throughout the city and its neighbourhood. The Sumida and Tone rivers overflowed their banks; the various canals and moats of the city were flooded; walls gave way, and numbers of houses were wholly or partially under water. The Gongendō and the Sarugamata dikes were broken down in several places; the whole of the province of Shimōsa was flooded; and the following towns and villages were under water:—Kisai, Kurihashi, Satte, Sunamura, Susaki, the Northern and Southern Honjō, Bamba, Ishiwaru, Nakanogō. A high wind blew after the rain had ceased, so that as far as the eye could reach, white crested waves were to be seen rolling in all directions. In every quarter people either escaped in boats, perched themselves on the tops of trees, or seated themselves on the roofs of houses. The loss of life was great and the destruction of property something appalling.

The two mayors of the city* did their duty right nobly.

* *Machi-bugyō*. The term *bugyō*, was, and is, to a certain extent used in reference to the superintendent or controller of almost any business: whereas *machi-bugyō* is a title only applied to the chief officer of a municipal corporation. In addition to being at the head of municipal affairs, the city *bugyō* was the chief magistrate of the city and exercised judicial functions.

They rode about in various directions giving orders to those who were rescuing the drowning multitudes. Iemitsu, on seeing the proportions of the flood, exclaimed :—" A flood the like of which was never witnessed ! Get ready my horse ; I will ride out and see it."

Elaborate preparations for this expedition were made ; and the Shōgun left the castle and proceeded as far as Mitsuke, Asakusa. Here a scene at once imposing and distressing presented itself. The rush of the mighty torrent—the triumphant way in which it swept aside every obstacle—the rapidity with which it made a path for itself over submerged houses and along high roads, respecting no man's property, and setting at defiance the attempts made to place a limit on its domain—all this was surpassingly grand. But combined with this were some heart-rending sights. Men, women, and children were to be seen battling in the most desperate manner with the foe ; the *debris* of hundreds of houses, articles of furniture, masts of vessels, the fragments of broken bridges, and occasionally large pieces of timber, with some poor wretches clinging to them as a last forlorn hope, passed in rapid succession before the eyes of the spectator. It is said that the Shōgun was overawed by what he saw, and that, proceeding to the edge of the water, he remained there quite motionless, rapt in solemn *reverie*.





While meditating what to do to rescue the perishing multitudes, Iemitsu perceived clouds of spray rising from the water's edge, and presently, enveloped in the hazy mist, discerned a horse proceeding at a furious pace along the edge of the river. On the horse sat an old man who donned a helmet that had a golden cherry-blossom crest on it. The rider wore the black uniform of one of the Shōgun's vassals. As he approached, he reined in his steed; and when quite close, took one of his feet out of the stirrup, and bowed low. This horseman was no other than our old friend Ōkubo Hikozaemon Tadanori.

Alighting from his horse, Hikozaemon saluted the Shōgun. "Ah Hikozaemon! what a flood!" exclaimed Iemitsu. "The people over there in Honjo and Fukagawa are in great distress, eh? No end of people must have lost their lives. Is there no means of saving those that are left?"

"Well spoken!" replied Hikozaemon. "There is only one thing that will make people move at such a time as this—that is, the hope of gain. If you will give me a thousand *ryō*, I can save a large number."

"If you want money," replied the Shōgun, "of course it is as dust to me. I could give you any amount. But what is the use of money at such a time as this?"

Smiling, Hikozaemon replied:—"Your Highness, being *very intelligent*, understands most things; but there are some

things that your exalted position hides from view, and this is one of them. If you will give me the money, I will prove to you that what I say is correct."

"Very good," replied Iemitsu. "The money shall be given to you."

Here Hikozaemon set to work and extemporized a flag, on which he inscribed in large letters:—"A thousand *ryō*! Government Reward!" Attaching the flag to a bamboo pole, he erected it in a boat, and then, in company with some five or six boatmen, rowed about in all directions, shouting hither and thither over and over again:—"Men are perishing! men are perishing! A Government Reward! A Government Reward! One thousand *ryō* for every one saved! Tickets to be handed to all who save a man, woman, or child. *To the rescue! to the rescue!*"

People listened with amazement to those words. "Here is a chance!" said they. "Our houses are swept away, and our property is gone, but, goodness! what of that if one can get a thousand *ryō* as easily as this?"

Whereupon by hundreds they set to work and rescued the drowning one after another, until no less than eight hundred and seventy-two persons were brought to land. The rescuers took the tickets that Hikozaemon had distributed to their homes, and that night many were the cups of sake that were imbibed and numerous were the congratulations received





by the fortunate ticket-holders. Some of these had already planned what pieces of ground they would buy or what kind of houses they would erect with the money to be received on the morrow.

The next day, acting on the instructions given them, the rescuers proceeded to the house of Hikozaemon and, presenting their tickets, each one asked for the thousand *ryō* promised. They were informed that the sum of money offered was to be divided up among those who had taken part in saving the drowning, at the rate of so much for each person rescued. The number of persons saved being eight hundred and seventy-two, the reward given for each one rescued, amounted to 1 *ryō*, 0 *bu*., 2 *shu*., 2 *sen*., 1 *rin*., 6 *mō*.*

As may be imagined, the disappointment of the rescuers was very great. It was somewhat amusing to see the diverse ways in which the frustration of their hopes was borne by the different individuals concerned. Some laughed, some looked angry, some looked sad, while others seemed to be afraid to say what they thought or felt—it being government money that had been awarded to them.

My story now returns to the day on which the Shōgun encountered Hikozaemon by the river-side. Shortly

* 1 *ryō*=4 *bu*; 1 *bu*=4 *shu*; 1 *shu*=6 *sen* 2r. 5m.; 1 *sen*=10 *rin*;
1 *rin*=10 *mō*.

after the latter had set the people to rescue the drowning, the Shōgun, as he sat on his horse near the edge of the Sumida, inquired of those that surrounded him :—" Is there any one who has pluck enough to cross the Sumida to-day ? "

His attendants all looked at each other in dismay, not one of them opening his lips. After a moment's pause, Aoyama Ōkura-no-Yayū came forward and said :—" No matter how skilled the horse, or how expert the rider, such a thing is an impossibility. I beg that your Highness will desist from making such a request."

Whereupon Nagai Shinano-no-Kami interposed :—" What are you talking about, Aoyama ? In ancient times, when Minamoto Yoshitsune was at war with Kiso Yoshinaka, the river Uji* lay between the two camps. Did not Sasaki Takatsuna and Kajiwara Kagesue swim their horses across this river and attack the enemy on the other side ? Again, did not Akechi Samanosuke, when defeated by Hideyoshi, swim his horse across the Biwa Lake to the island of Karasaki †

* The Uji flows from Lake Biwa to Kyōtō, and thence to Yodo, from which place, under the name of the Yodo, to Ōsaka. The Uji seems to have been a very deep river in ancient times, but now it is so shallow that it can be crossed by travellers on foot.

† Though Karasaki is no longer an island, there is no doubt that it was so in ancient times. It is called an island in several old books, and it was on it that Tsukahara Bokuden landed the boasting fencer, according to the well known tale respecting the *Mute-kachi-ryū*, or *Handless-Victory Style* of fencing.

the \mathbb{R}^n -valued function \mathbf{f} is a solution of the system (1.1) if and only if \mathbf{f} is a solution of the system (1.2).

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In later times, too, Masaki Daizen rode across the Bay of Edo—from Cape Futtsu to Cape Kwan-on.”

“It is useless to quote what was done in days gone by,” replied Aoyama. “Times are altered; and nowadays it is hard to find such daring and endurance as was displayed by our forefathers.”

The Shōgun’s ire was kindled by this remark, as it quietly took for granted that the warriors of his day were inferior to their ancestors; so, turning to his attendants, in a spirited manner he asked:—“Who were the performers of the exploits of which Shinano-no-Kami has been speaking? Were they not all the retainers of men of comparatively small means and influence? Takatsuna and Kagesue were the retainers of Yoritomo, when his domain was confined to the Kwantō.* Akechi Samanosuke was the retainer of Mitsuhide. Masaki was one of the dependants of Satomi. If the circumscribed dominions of these various rulers could boast of such names as those I have mentioned, is it to be for a moment supposed that in the sixty odd provinces over which I rule there is not a man to be found who has the courage to swim his horse across the Sumida to-day? Is there no one that will go?” asked the Shōgun impatiently, striking his saddle as he said it.

* East of the boundary. The boundary was at Hakone. The term *Kwanto* included the following eight provinces:—Sagami, Musashi, Aizu, Kazusa, Shimōsa, Hitachi, Kōzuke and Shimotsuke.

His attendants all looked aghast, and no one answered a word.

"Then I will open your eyes," said Iemitsu, urging his horse forward with the intention of crossing the river.

Itakura Naizen-no-Kami ran forward and, seizing the bridle reins of the Shōgun's horse, said:—"Come! come! This is too much of a good thing. Is your Excellency mad that he acts thus? The idea of risking a life so valuable as yours in an adventure of this kind! The courage shown in an attempt of this sort would be more akin to that displayed by brutes than to what is admired in soldiers. I pray you to desist."—

"No, no!" replied Iemitsu "I will not. Whatever issues from the Shōgun's lips must be adhered to. His words and actions must, like a mirror, reflect nothing but truth. To say one thing and do another, is contrary to what is right. So, let go that bridle, Naizen!"

Tada-aki, being on the outskirts of the crowd, did not hear for some time what was going on. When the particulars which we have related above were reported to him, he said:—"If no one is found to carry out the Shōgun's wishes, his renown will be tarnished thereby. Even supposing it costs me my life, I will undertake to accomplish the exploit he proposes. If I perish in the attempt, it will be but dying to please my master, as one would in battle. So *here's for it!*—death or renown."

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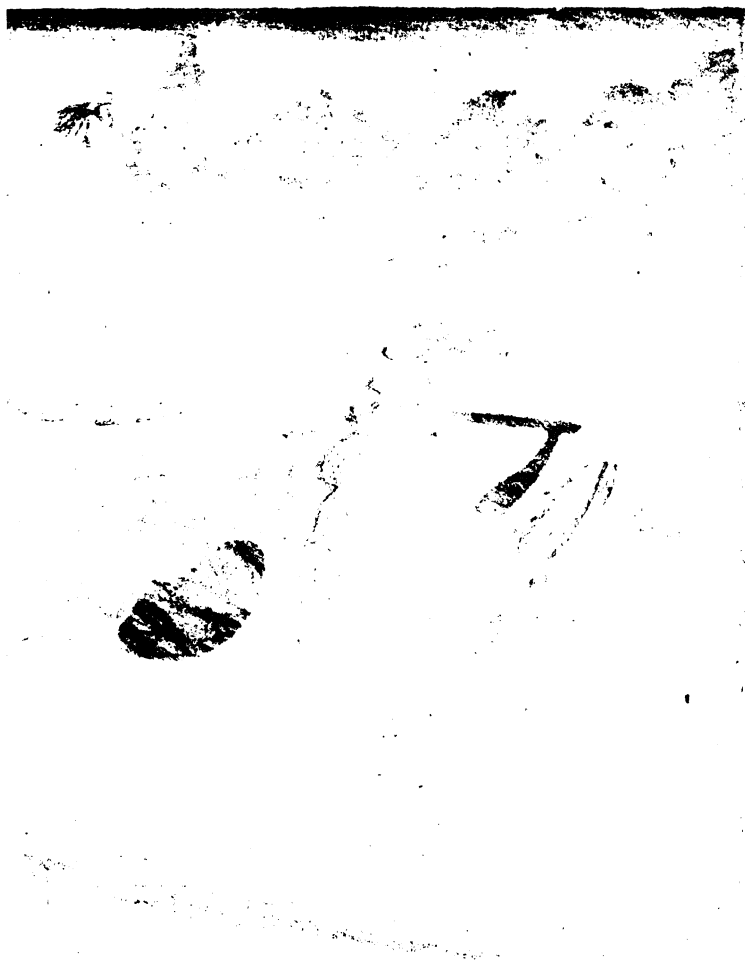
Thus saying, Tada-aki urged his horse to the river-side ; and, knowing that the animal would not enter the surging torrent if his head were turned towards the river, he skilfully wound him round and round, backing him into the river close to the Asakusa city-gate.

The adroitness with which Tada-aki managed the animal after he had entered the stream astounded the spectators. Whenever the horse seemed in any distress, he would sit on the back part of the saddle, or swim by his side. Then when the animal's hind-legs were carried down the stream, he would sit on the front part of the saddle, thus keeping him steady. He placed himself in all kinds of positions, and wheeled the horse hither and thither to suit the direction of the current. When he had proceeded far enough to be seen by the crowds that lined the banks of the river, cries were heard :—"There is some one in the water ! There is a horseman crossing the river ! Who is it ?"

"Look, my Lord ! look, my Lord !" shouted the attendants of Iemitsu, glad enough to find that the necessity for the Shōgun's risking his life in the way he proposed was obviated by the feat having been attempted by some one else.

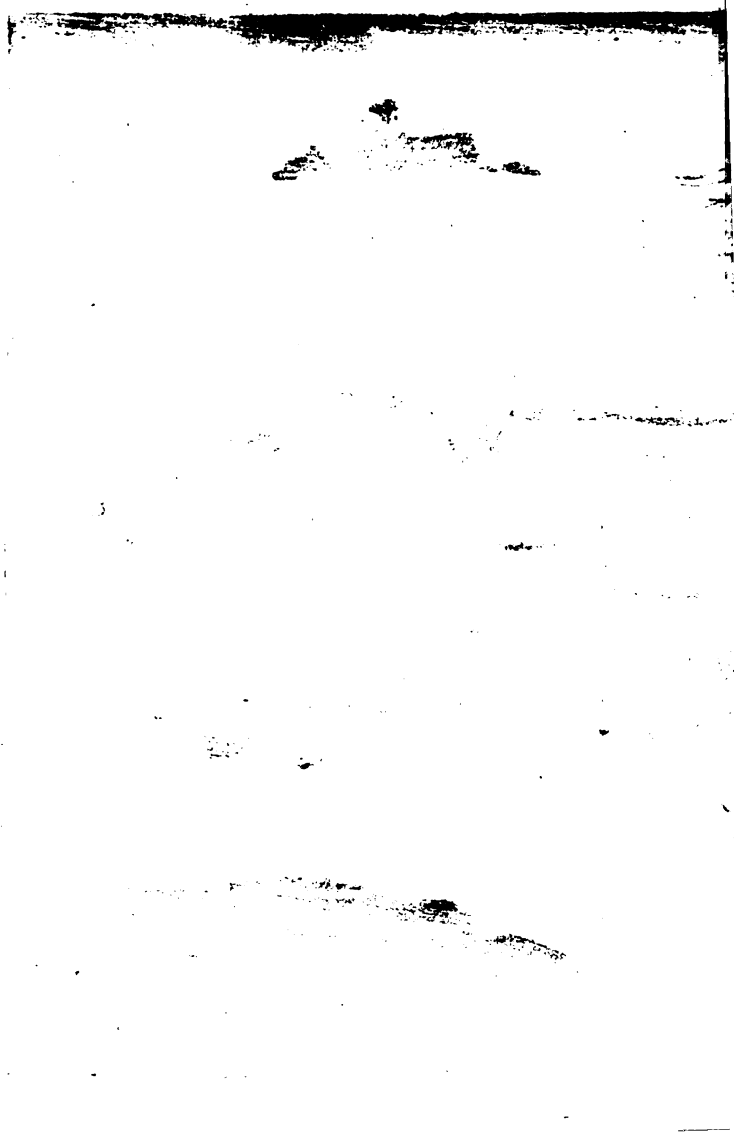
"Who is he, that, in obedience to my command, has the ambition to be the first to cross the stream ?" asked *Iemitsu*. "A skilled horseman, indeed ! and a no less expert swimmer ! Who can he be ?"

60"









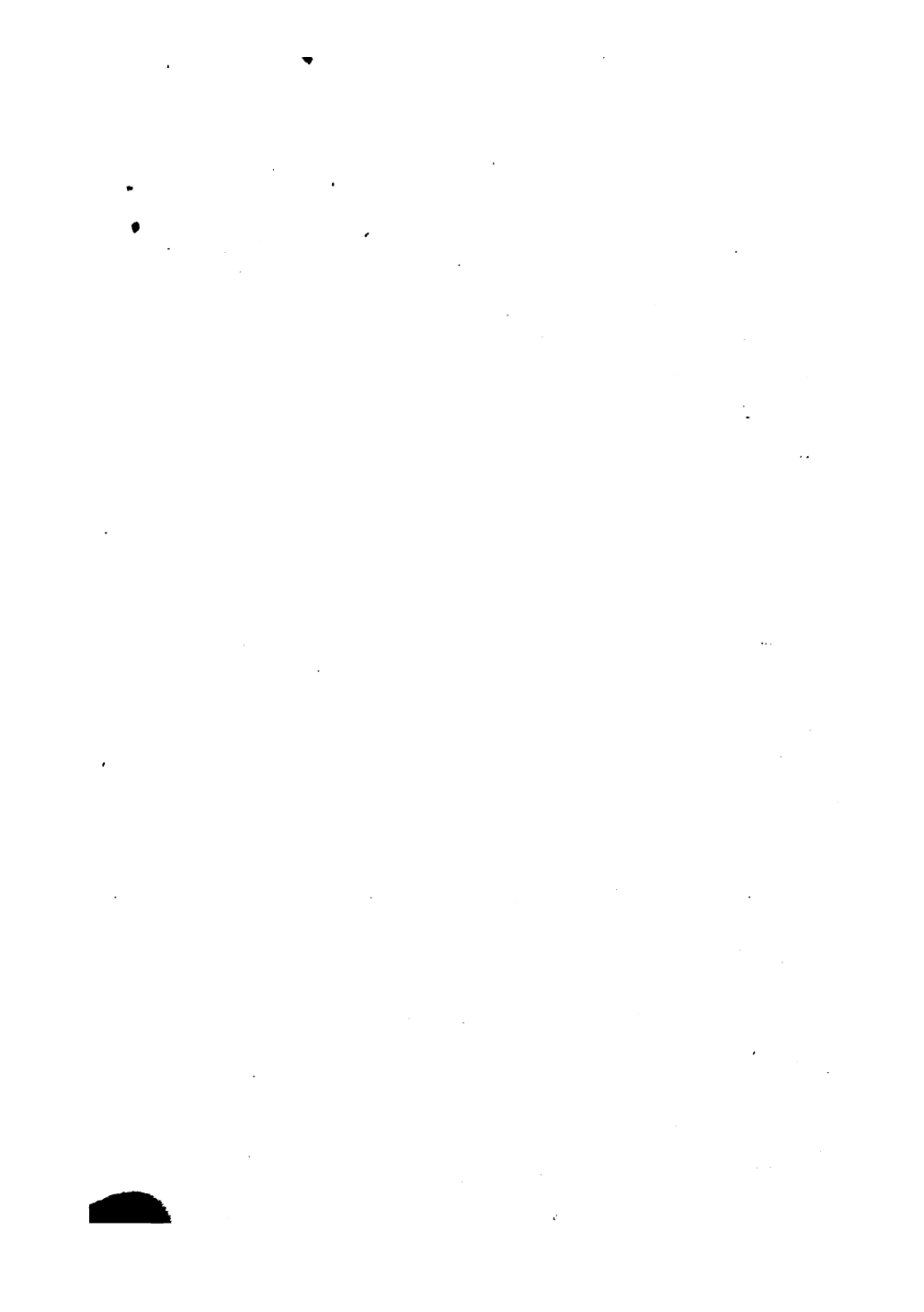
Hikozaemon, who was near, replied:—"He is enveloped in the mist, and it is difficult to make out clearly, but if I am not mistaken, it is no other than Bungo-no-Kami."

"Conceited fellow!" answered the Shōgun, cynically—"He will make good food for the fish anyhow!"

"Nothing of the kind will happen," replied Hikozaemon. "Being a man well versed in military exercises, and since crossing rivers on horseback is one of them, if I am not mistaken, he will cross to the other side without any mishap. But even supposing that he loses his life in the attempt, the loyalty that leads him to undertake such a daring exploit simply because his lord wishes it—this at any rate will not perish." Then, turning to Itakura, he asked:—"What do *you* think about it, Itakura?"

"Magnificent, indeed! a hero the like of which has not been known in ancient or modern days!" As those who stood near all re-echoed this sentiment, Hikozaemon danced about like a child overcome with joy.

While one after another the spectators joined in applauding Tada-aki, it was reported that there was another horseman in the water. All eyes were turned in the direction of the new object. The adventurer was an old man, and he rode a brown horse. The horse's saddle was adorned with *mother of pearl* set in very fine lacquer work. *The rider wore a hempen garment gaily striped; a dress*



which was considered very fashionable in those days. He had a white handkerchief tied round his head, which, however, was scarcely visible from a distance owing to the shock of grey hair in which it was enveloped.

"Who is that?" inquired the Shōgun.

With a view to finding out, Itakura rode down to the edge of the water and shouted to the man:—"Who are you? who are you that crosses the river yonder? *Your name? Your name?*"

"I am the retainer of Abe Bungo-no-Kami, Hirata Danemon Tachibana Kiyotsune,"* replied the old man of sixty-eight as he battled with the raging waters.

The Shōgun, on hearing who the equestrian was, was much moved and exclaimed:—"Among the hundreds of my followers present here to-day, there are only two that have dared to carry out my proposal. Rare loyalty, indeed, this of Bungo-no-Kami!—and that he should have a retainer who is no less brave and faithful than himself, is still more wonderful!"

The two heroes reached the other side safely. On Danemon's landing, Tada-aki said:—"Well done, old man!"

* This multiplication of names only occurs on very important occasions when men feel proud of themselves. In my *New Life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi* (Appendix) Japanese nomenclature is briefly discussed.

Who would have thought it?—But where did you get your horse?"

Smiling, Danemon replied:—"Well, the horse belongs to one of the Shōgun's personal attendants, a man of the same rank as yourself. It was tied up near where I was standing when you set out. So, without saying a word to any one, I jumped on its back and started after you."

No sooner was it perceived by the spectators that the two horsemen had reached the opposite bank than the Shōgun gave orders that a boat should be prepared to bring them back. While the preparations for despatching the boat were being completed, the two men were seen to mount their horses, enter the stream, and commence their return journey.

The Shōgun, perceiving this, hastened on the preparation of the boat, and waved his fan to and fro to signify to the two horsemen that he did not wish them to swim their horses back. But they, seeing the rapid way in which the Shōgun in his anxiety to check them was moving the fan, thought that he was beckoning to them to return.

"He is bidding us hasten back," said Taka-aki. So with eager hearts, feeling sure by the interest evinced that the Shōgun's ill-temper was cured, they sped on their way back to the point from which they had started. When they had come about one-sixth of the way across the river, they





met the boat which had been despatched for their use. As it drew near, Danemon said to his master :—" Do not enter the boat, sir, or it will sure to be said that Bungo-no-Kami would have been drowned had it not been for the help received from the Shōgun ; and this will sully the lustre of the day's exploit. We have come all this way ; a little more pushing will bring us to land. We'll go the whole hog while we are about it !"

" You are right," replied Tada-aki. And, turning to the officer in charge of the boat, one Mukai Shōgen, he said :—" The kindness of His Highness in sending to meet us is very great. But we respectfully beg to decline the assistance offered. We prefer to swim back, having come thus far."

The words were hardly out of Tada-aki's lips before Danemon's horse was struck by a huge piece of timber that was floating down the stream. Both the horse and his rider were submerged. Danemon rose some distance down the river. He appeared to be very exhausted and was separated from his steed, so the boatmen lifted him into the boat, little as he relished being thus treated.

In the meanwhile, Tada-aki had landed. He was greeted on the bank of the river with enthusiastic shouts, and was at once received by the Shōgun in one of the houses *which at that time stood on the city-wall at Asakusa.* *Tada-aki appeared before the Shōgun just as he was, with*

his clothes all streaming wet. Having paid his respects to him in due form, he waited to hear what Iemitsu would be pleased to say to him.

"An extraordinary feat this of yours, Abe Bungo!" commenced the Shōgun. "My eyes have never had such a treat as they have had to-day. The skill with which you battled with the raging waters delighted me beyond measure. A splendid accomplishment, indeed! the like of which has never been seen. While there are such men as you left, the military rule of the Tokugawa house will maintain its pre-eminence in the state. Therefore it is that I rejoice at what I have seen to-day." Iemitsu then took a fan and fanned Tada-aki; this being one of the customary ways of showing high approval.

Not a word had been addressed to Tada-aki by the Shōgun since the memorable fencing match. Now, not only to hear himself spoken to, but to hear words of high eulogy proceeding from his master's lips—what greater joy could he have? Tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied:—"The exploit you have witnessed to-day, my Lord, is not the result of my possessing any superior skill, but solely owing to the kindness with which I have been treated by your Lordship and his predecessors."

The Shōgun was very much affected and in his turn could not refrain from weeping. When he had recovered

1751

1501.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the Government of the State of New York, for the year ending June 30, 1901.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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himself he said:—"The feat of your retainer Danemon to-day was not one that any ordinary man could have accomplished. I trust you will not forget his services to you. I have nothing valuable here to offer you, your loyalty will be rewarded later on. In the meanwhile take this fan."

The fan given consisted of a red round ball, intended to represent the sun, with a black groundwork. Tada-aki was very much pleased with this token, and ever afterwards the new symbol was made a part of his family crest by the hawk's wings that formed a part of his original armorial bearings being set in a red groundwork.

Not many days after the incident related above, Tada-aki was informed that the Shōgun had been pleased to increase his income by a grant of ten thousand *koku per annum*. Subsequent to this Tada-aki seems to have been on the most friendly relations with Iemitsu.

It is generally considered that, had it not been for the faithful reproof so unsparingly administered by Hikozaemon, Tada-aki and some others, notwithstanding the many noble qualities which Iemitsu possessed, he would have never proved equal to the task of consolidating the Tokugawa rule. Had Iemitsu turned out to be an unworthy successor of his illustrious grandfather, there is little doubt that the whole country would have relapsed into the state in which Hideyoshi found it. The powerful clans of the north and south

would have fought for independence, and the whole country would have again been convulsed by civil war. Any one that reads between the lines as he studies the lives of Hideyoshi and Ieyasu, cannot but perceive that one of the great, perhaps the greatest, factor that contributed to their unparalleled success was the ready ear that they both gave to wise counsel. They were both perfectly well aware that a clever stroke of policy is the result of the most thorough acquaintance with all the minutiae of a situation; and that this knowledge can only be obtained by allowing as far as practicable those who are in constant attendance on a ruler to tell him just what they think and believe about everything. They were both, too, cognizant of the fact that the faults of a ruler are more patent to the eyes of a faithful retainer than they can be to himself, and that it is therefore most desirable that his subordinates should be encouraged by him to reprove on all suitable occasions what appears to them to be faulty in their master's conduct. So important did this seem to Ieyasu that before he died he expressly charged Ōkubo Hikozaemon to deal faithfully with his successors, not sparing reproof when he thought it necessary. And on one occasion, when conversing with some friends in the castle of Suruga, Ieyasu expressed his sentiments on this subject as follows:—

“A retainer who, seeing some fault in his master, has the courage to reprove the same is superior to the man

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who puts himself in the forefront of the battle. The reason for my saying this is as follows:—The man who attacks the enemy in the forefront of the battle risks his life of course, but he does it to win fame. If he conquers, he becomes noted and receives all kinds of rewards from his lord; if he dies, he leaves an illustrious name behind him. But on the other hand, nine out of every ten of those who severely reprove their masters' unreasonable or wicked conduct, incur great danger by so doing; for as a rule when a master is attached to what is wrong, he does not care to be interfered with. With him the old saying, 'Good medicine is bitter in the mouth and golden words offend the ears', turns out to be true. Such masters object to sharp reproof. For the most part, then, you find that when retainers see that any faithful words uttered by them only have the effect of alienating their masters from them, they either pretend to be ill or retire into private life. If not this, then they resort to flattery, with the hopes of currying favour with their masters. But for a retainer to take upon himself the duty of reproving his lord for the faults that he commits, despite the risk of disgrace or death—despite the risk of bringing trouble on his family as well as on himself—is a far more difficult task than throwing away his life in battle."

Iemitsu showed both good sense and proper feeling in the readiness with which with few exceptions he listened

patiently and even humbly to the strictures of his conduct which his friends considered it their duty to pronounce, despite the fact that these strictures were frequently administered in a far more severe way than was at all necessary. Nothing could be more marked than the thoughtfulness, consideration for others and general nobleness which marked the later years of Iemitsu's life. The many foolish acts and speeches of his early years, (a few specimens of which I have given here) were redeemed later on by conduct and language which were free from all forms of selfishness and full of consideration for others.

The lesson taught Iemitsu by Tada-aki was one of the hardest that a man born in affluent circumstances has to learn, one which in point of fact only those whose good sense and noble feeling are far above the average ever do learn. Iemitsu was taught that the homage, to say nothing of the flattery, which those born great habitually receive too frequently makes them blind to their deficiencies and oblivious to the fact that it is their worth, and not their rank which alone can entitle them to praise. This story illustrates the fact that of all the maladies from which the human heart suffers in this world of ours what is known as wounded pride is the hardest to heal. This ailment has marred friendship in countless instances and embittered the lives of thousands of men and women. It is only the stronger and nobler

natures that succeed in conquering the feeling and despising it, as Iemitsu eventually did. There is much truth in Ieyasu's saying, "Harm will come to the man who knows how to conquer but knows not how to be defeated." Equanimity and persistence of purpose under reverses are essential characteristics of real greatness in nations and individuals alike.



APPENDIX.

IN London there is a large hospital called "The Foundling Hospital," to which all unclaimed children picked up on the streets of great cities or in country roads and lanes are sent to be fed, clothed, and taught.

Abe Tada-aki, the hero of the foregoing tale, may be said to have been one of the early pioneers of modern charity in this country, in that he turned his house into a foundling hospital. In it were gathered a number of boys and girls who had been cast off by their parents, and who were brought up by Tada-aki with the greatest care.

When it became widely known that Tada-aki would take care of any children who were abandoned on the roadside, parents who found it impossible to maintain their children would wait till he came along the road and then would place their children in his way.

One of Tada-aki's followers, seeing this, remonstrated with his master. "Had you not," said he, "better stop this practice of yours? People see that you are ready to maintain all the children whom you pick up on the roadside, so they purposely place their children in your way. If this goes on there will be no end to the children whom you will have support."

the first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the various parts are interrelated and interdependent. The second is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The third is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The fourth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The fifth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion. The sixth is that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the parts are interrelated and interdependent. The seventh is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The eighth is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The ninth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The tenth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion.

To these remarks Tada-aki replied :—" There is nothing stronger than the affection of parents for their children. That parents should be able to overcome this strong feeling and get rid of their offspring must be owing to a state of extreme poverty. Therefore, even supposing that they purposely hand their children over to me, I cannot well refuse to maintain them. If in doing this I were in any way stinting the members of my household or putting them to inconvenience, it would be another matter. But I am merely using money generally squandered on pleasure and debauchery in maintaining children whose parents are too poor to provide for them. Besides this, I am a man of some rank and position, and therefore ought to be actuated by public spirit that reaches even to the lowest strata of society. The number of children who are abandoned on the roadside in this country is very large. This is a disgrace to the nation, to wipe off which I regard as part of my duty."

Subsequent to this his earnestness in maintaining and educating the children of the poor increased rather than diminished. A large number of boys and girls were sent out into life by him well equipped for its duties and well guarded against its temptations.

THE END.



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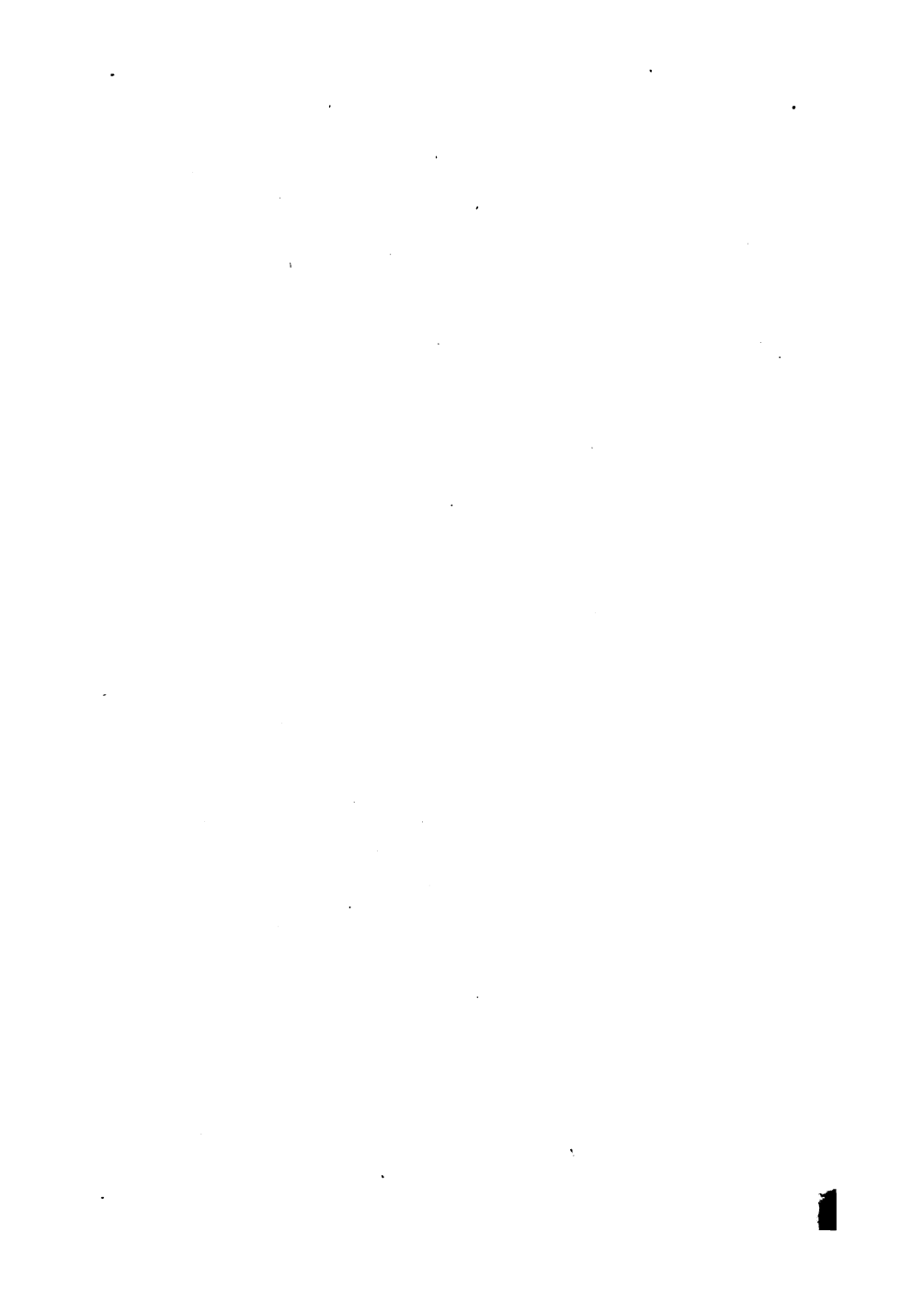
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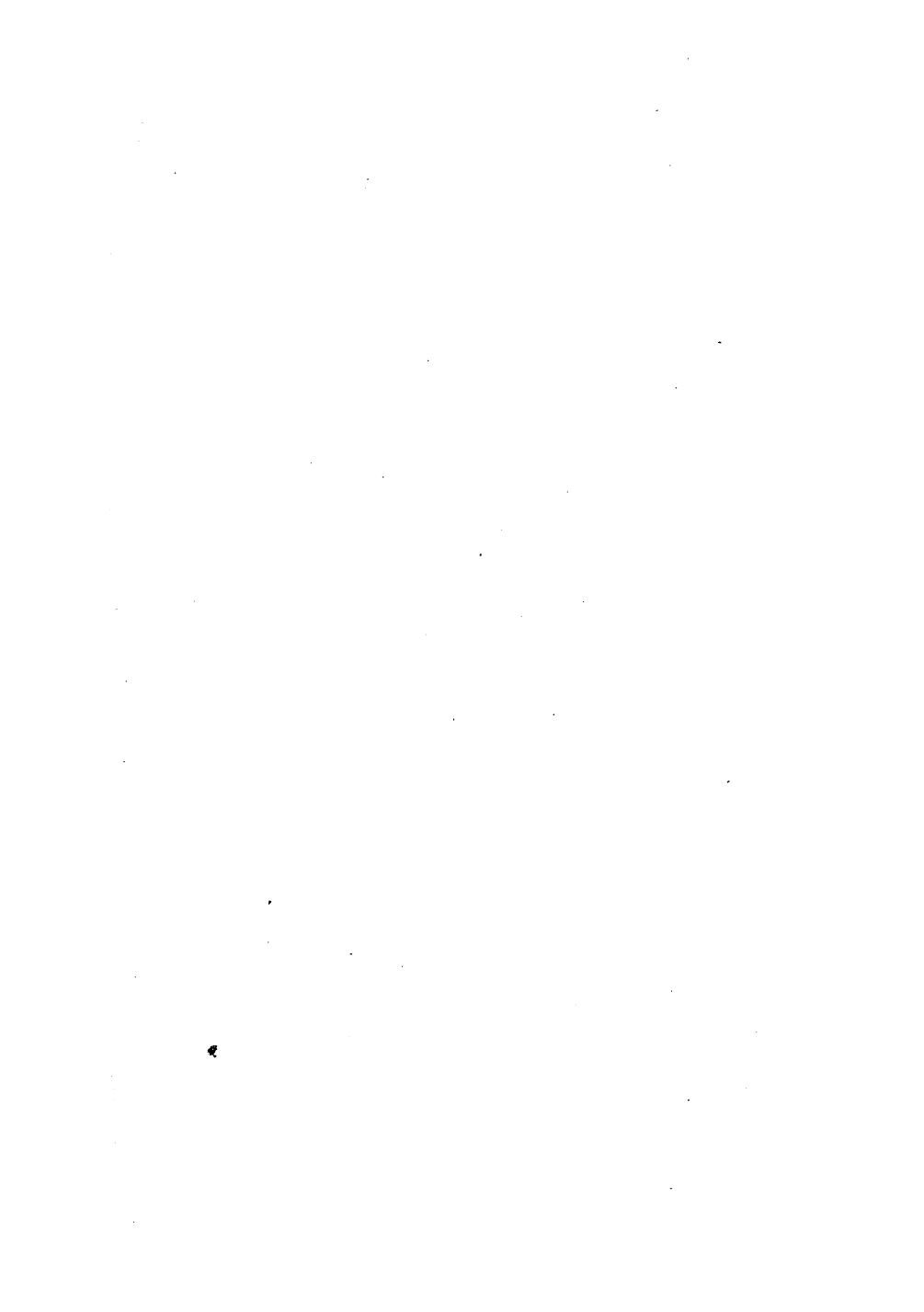
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JAPAN IN DAYS OF YORE.

BY

WALTER. DENING.

II.

SECOND EDITION.

1904

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TŌKYŌ

KYŌBUNKWAN

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JAPAN IN DAYS OF YORE.

II.

HUMAN NATURE IN A VARIETY OF ASPECTS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the time of Yoshimune, the eighth Tokugawa Shōgun, (A.D. 1717-1744) there were in Japan a large number of noted government officials, but for ability and nobleness of nature there was no one worthy of comparison with Ō-oka Tadasuke, Echizen-no-Kami. For twenty years he was one of the *Bugyō*, or Mayors, of Edo;* and during this time, agreeable to the custom of those days; he had to pass judgment on some hundreds of legal cases. Prior to this Tadasuke had served the Government as *Bugyō* of Yamada, in Ise. Though of course his administration of justice was not altogether free from the faults and abuses that disfigured the legal proceedings of the age in which he lived, yet in comparison with

* It seems that there were always two *Bugyō* in Edo, and they were supposed to serve in turn a month at a time. But during his tenure of office all the more difficult legal cases seem to have been tried by Ō-oka Tadasuke, and next to nothing was heard of the existence of another *bugyō*.

his predecessors and contemporaries, Tadasuke was little given to the use of torture, and he abstained from various other malpractices of the courts of that day.

The nobleness of some men's natures seems to elevate them above the meannesses, the follies and the cruelties of the age in which they live. Such was eminently the case with Ō-oka Tadasuke. When the technicalities of law seemed to ascribe guilt to individuals who to his discerning eye and practised legal judgment seemed to be innocent, he had a happy way of ignoring altogether or of bringing forward some plausible substitute for those technicalities. Of his mode of acting on these occasions it may doubtless be said that it destroyed the sanctity of law. But to this it may be replied that when the observance of the sanctity of law and the administration of strict justice were plainly incompatible with each other no one possessing such fine moral instincts as those with which Tadasuke was endowed could possibly hesitate as to what course to take. Tadasuke lived in an age in which there was but little legal criticism, in which the proceedings of Courts of Law depended more on the administrators of the Code than on the character of the Code itself. Few but the judges themselves knew what the laws were. Most of *the cases upon which Tadasuke pronounced judgment, and where his mode of procedure strikes us nowadays as so*

remarkably shrewd and natural, were cases of which none of the technicalities of precedence formed a part. They were entirely new and extraordinary in character, such as had never occurred before and were likely never to occur again. His mode, or rather his modes, for he never confined himself to any one in particular, of extracting evidence from criminals was novel in the extreme,* and such as could only be adopted by a judge endowed with extraordinary original genius. The knowledge of human nature, the fruitfulness of resource, the indomitable perseverance which Tadasuke's judgments display make the *Ō-oka Meiyo Seidan*† one of the most interesting as well as the most instructive books that have issued from the modern press. From this work I have extracted the details given in the following tale.

Among the cases which were brought before Tadasuke, those of Ten-ichibō, Echigo Denkichi, Murai Chōan, Hikobei the *Komamonoya*,‡ Kihachi the Tobacconist, Matsudo Ohana, Konishiya, Mizu-nomi Muranokusuke, and the one I am now about to relate, that of Gotō Hanshirō, are the chief.

* See Appendix.

† The *Ō-oka Meiyo Seidan* contains a full account of the most noted cases tried by Tadasuke.

‡ *Komamonoya* is a term applied to the man who sells, or the shop at which articles of women's toilet, such as mirrors, combs, rouge, toothbrushes, tooth-powder, etc. are sold, a Fancy Goods' Shopkeeper.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

Gotō Hanshirō, though the son of a poor peasant, being endowed with great physical strength combined with considerable force of character, and being propelled by unusually strong virtuous impulses from his earliest days, rose to rank and distinction. He was created some years before his death one of Yoshimune's *Hatamoto*. His life was spent on behalf of others; and he therefore stands high in the list of those to whom heroic acts are entirely unconstrained, flowing out fully and freely from their heroic natures like water from a fountain. There is a verse of Japanese poetry which runs thus:—

"Of *men* there are enough.

"A *man* there is not.

"Make men *to be* men:

"And a man *you* will be.

"Act *like* a man:

"And a man you will *become*."

With the sentiment expressed in these lines giving colour to all his actions, Hanshirō passed through the world and left his record behind him in the hearts of all who had known him.

Gotō Hanshirō was born in Kōya, a small village situated in Sanuki, near the castle-town of Marugame. His father, Hanzaemon, was the owner of a few rice-fields, *by the cultivation of which he managed to earn a com-*

fortable living. Hanshirō had an elder brother called Hansaku. In disposition the two brothers were the opposite of each other. The elder one was quiet, retiring and unambitious; the younger, full of spirit, a champion among the boys of his own age, who would not brook an insult from any one, fond of fun, mischievously inclined, but with this propensity well under control. Though the dispositions of the two lads differed so much, they were nevertheless very good friends. Affection for his kith and kin was one of Hanshirō's most deeply rooted instincts. No son could have performed his home duties more scrupulously or more earnestly than he, arduous as some of these were. He cut wood, drew water, dug the ground, carried messages, and executed with speed and regularity all the minor tasks which devolve on the sons of poor parents. The thorough way in which he carried everything through that he took in hand made him a favourite in the village of Kōya, and his services for day-labour were in constant demand. But as the proverb has it, "Even he that is supposed to be free from weaknesses has a large number."* There is no man without some weakness or propensity that may lead him astray at any time. "It is owing to their propensities that men diverge from the right path," says Confucius. Hanshirō, though free from many of the

* *Kuse nakute, nana-kuse.*

vices of youth, was given to taking more *sake** than was good for him. He did not drink, however, to the extent of being unfit for work, and therefore this habit did not prevent his obtaining employment in the village. But, like all other weaknesses, it was bound sooner or later to prove a cause of trouble, being calculated to excite the brain and unfit him who was subject to it for the cool, circumspect action which certain occasions and situations render necessary. And this is just what occurred, as will be seen later on in the story.

Among Hanshirō's relations there was a man called—Sajiemon. Sajiemon was a well-to-do farmer in the receipt of an income of about one hundred and fifty *koku* a year. It happened that when Hanshirō was about thirteen years of age, Sajiemon had occasion to send fifty *ryō*, in those days rather a large sum of money, to a friend in Matsuyama, Iyo. Sajiemon thought that young as Hanshirō was, rather than employ a stranger, it would be better to send him with the money, since he was both honest and brave.

It was about three o'clock, on a winter afternoon, when Hanshirō received this commission. With his usual despatch, he went home and hurriedly made his preparations for starting at once. His parents, on learning the nature

* A term applied to any kind of fermented liquor.

of the business on which he was going, were very much opposed to his setting out with such a large sum of money within two hours of sunset. But his youthful intrepidity caused him to scorn their advice as the over-carefulness of affectionate parents. "If I meet a robber on the way, so much the worse for the robber," said he. "I will soon make an end of him." And off he went, full of spirit and daring, eager to encounter the dangers of the road.

Long before he reached Matsuno-o, his first stopping-place, it was quite dark. On his arrival at that village between eight and nine o'clock, he felt very hungry; and, as he purposed travelling on through the night and as the road which lay immediately before him was very mountainous, he thought he had better make a good meal there. Going therefore to a small wayside-inn, he ordered a quart of hot *sake*, and told the innkeeper to get ready the best meal he could for him. The food was poor; but to a hungry man nothing comes amiss. So Hanshirō soon demolished what was set before him, and astonished the innkeeper by ordering another quart of *sake*.

"Well, to be sure! You *do* drink!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "Two quarts of *sake* for such a young fellow is not bad, I must say! What makes you drink so much?"

"Well," replied Hanshirō, "the road ahead is pretty stiff, so I need to fortify myself against it. The amount



of *sake* I have taken is not more than I shall work off in climbing those hills."

Just as Hanshirō was drinking the *sake*, some five or six palanquin bearers came rushing into the inn. "Halloo, there! Mr. Innkeeper! have you shut up shop?" shouted one of the bearers. "Am sorry to trouble you, but just hand us some *sake*, will you."

Here the bearers were supplied with *sake*. While they were drinking it, Hanshirō took out his purse to pay his account, and, with the thoughtlessness and carelessness of youth, his head, moreover, being somewhat muddled by the liquor he had consumed, he revealed to the bystanders, who were watching him narrowly, that he had a purse full of money. Instead of keeping the money he was to spend on his journey in a separate purse, he seems to have had it and Sajiemon's money all in one bag, which, by its length, showed that it contained a large number of coins. While Hanshirō was paying his account two of the bearers were seen to whisper to each other, and presently one of them, addressing Hanshirō, inquired:—"Ay, young chap! where may you be off for?"

Without any suspicion, Hanshirō replied:—"I am going as far as Matsuyama, and purpose travelling through *the night*."

785







湖秀



"It is very dangerous journeying at night, as you propose doing," replied one of the bearers; "had you not better hire a palanquin? Though it is rude of me to say so, you seem too to have a great deal of money with you, and, young as you are, surely it is not safe for you to travel alone."

"It is very good of you to concern yourself so much about me," rejoined Hanshirō, "but, to tell you the truth, I dislike palanquins, and being naturally a good pedestrian, who thinks nothing of doing his thirty or forty miles a day, I prefer to walk."

Thus saying, Hanshirō tightened his sandals and was preparing to start, when the bearers in a body sprang up and began to urge him vehemently to ride in their palanquin. "Come! ride," said one of them. "There never was such a thing heard of as a lad so young as you walking in the mountains at this time of night."

"If you won't ride", said another, "then, treat us to some *sake*."

"It may be that this young fellow is a thief who has stolen his master's money and that he is now trying to run away with it," remarked a third.

Hanshirō saw that things were beginning to look very ugly. But he determined before having a fight with the men to try what gentler means would do. So he quietly


replied to the charge of having stolen the money by informing the coolies who he was and by explaining to them how such a large sum of money came to be entrusted to him.

"Very well;" said one of the bearers, "that may be all correct. But we want some money, so be quick and give it to us."

Hanshirō saw that further reasoning was useless and, feeling that he was no match for such a number as confronted him, he thought it best to run away. So, tying the money tight round his waist, in an instant he made an opening for himself in the circle of bearers who surrounded him, and was about to set off, when one of the men stretched out his hand and, seizing him by the clothes, said:—"Do you think you are going to escape like that? Not a bit of it!"

The bearers now closed in around Hanshirō, and one of them tried to seize his purse.

The lad saw that it was no use mincing matters any longer, so, snatching up one of the forms belonging to the inn, he commenced to defend himself against his assailants in right earnest. They rushed on him pell-mell; but he was a powerful young fellow, and he wielded the form with agility and skill that astonished the coolies. *One after another*, with bruised limbs or broken crowns,



they skulked away, until Hanshirō was left alone in the inn.

"Better I had taken the advice of my folks and waited till the morning, instead of running the risk of losing the money in this way," he muttered to himself. "But, however, 'in for a penny in for a pound,' as the saying is. 'When once on a tiger's back, there must be no getting off.'—Dangers surround me, but encounter them I will, yes, and surmount them I shall, unless I am very much mistaken." Thus saying, he hurried on his way.

Nothing of importance occurred to him till he reached a forest of pines, situated at some distance from the scene of the affray just described. Here the coolies all made their appearance again, attended by some dozen associates. Springing out on Hanshirō suddenly, they accosted him as follows :—"Aha! you are he who attacked us at the inn, eh? We are come to take your life, your clothes and your money by way of retaliation."

"Heavens! here's an affair!" exclaimed Hanshirō. "Now they will make an end of me! Anyhow, I will die hard!" So saying, he put his back against a pine tree; and, though he had no weapon in his hand, hoping to get hold of one in the first encounter, in a defiant tone, he shouted :—"Come on!"

"Let us kill him at once before any one arrives to assist him," said one of the coolies. And thereupon,



rushing at Hanshirō, with a palanquin bearing-pole he dealt a heavy blow at his head.

Hanshirō, as quick as lightning, avoided the stroke ; and in an instant, adroitly seizing the pole, thrust it into the side of his assailant. The man's breath was taken away by the blow and, reeling over, he fell to the ground as though he were dead. Assailant after assailant Hanshirō either knocked down with his pole, seized and sent flying through the air or dashed against the trees. Thus he held out against his foes for some time, but, as ill-luck would have it, the staff which he had been using so vigorously suddenly broke in two.

"Now it is all up with me," thought the lad. But with that persistent clinging to life and that tendency to hope even when there seems nothing to hope for which is so prominent a characteristic of heroic souls and which so often insures the realization of their wishes, Hanshirō determined not to give up as long as there was a chance of escape. Weaponless as he was, there was nothing for it but to run away. He set off as fast as his legs would carry him and kept well ahead of his foes for some five or six *chō*,* when he arrived at a place where the road divided into two parts. Hoping to elude his pursuers by

*=358 Eng. feet, or $\frac{1}{18}$ stat. mile.

so doing he took the less frequented of the two roads, and was still making rapid progress when suddenly he was confronted by some seven or eight men who had been placed in ambush here to intercept him in case he attempted to escape. Seeing that further flight was impossible, he seized one of the small trees that grew by the road-side and commenced to defend himself against his new assailants. But he had been running, and he found his strength failing. While in the act of aiming a blow at his foes, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground.

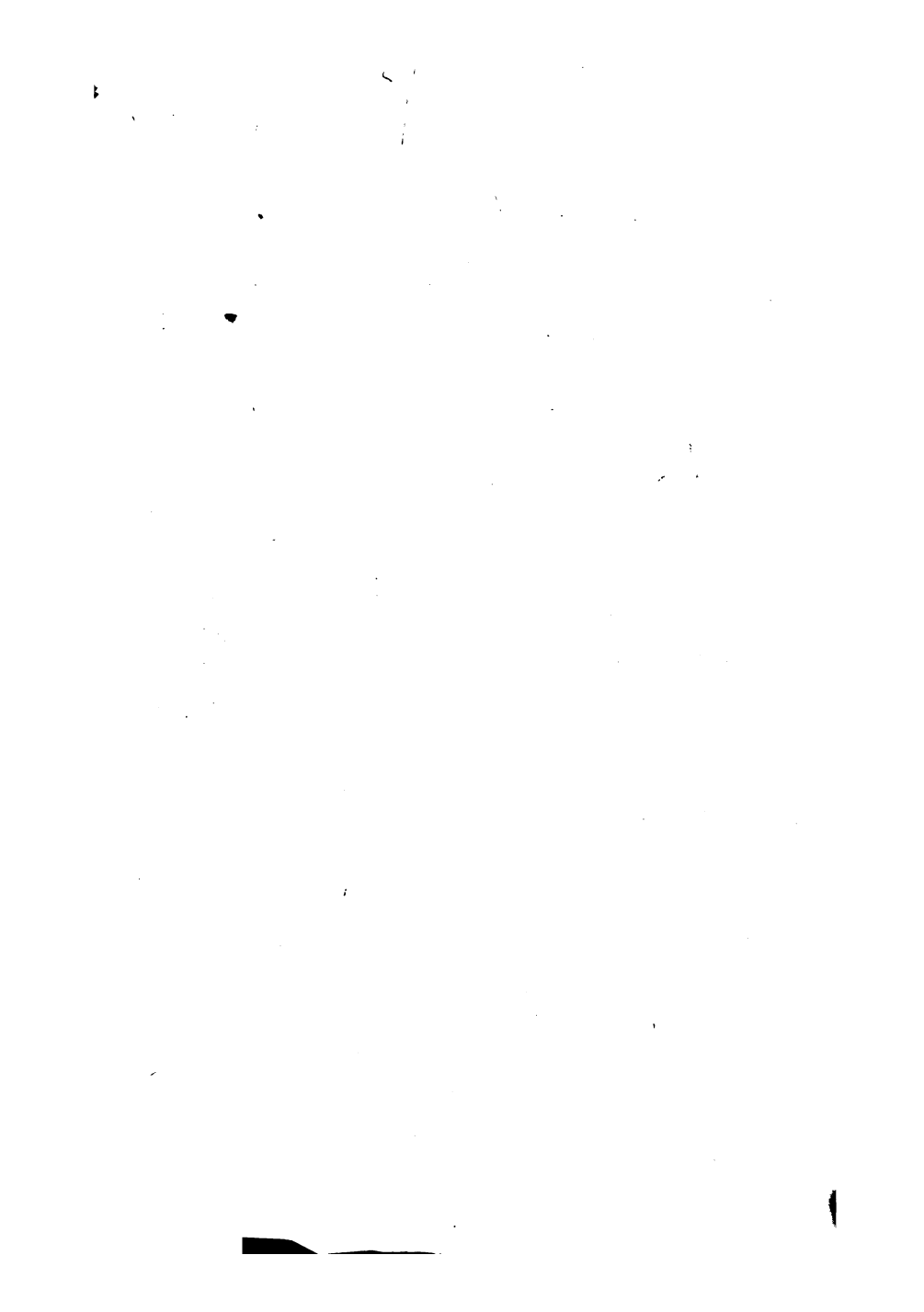
The robbers, for such they were, (though, according to the custom of those days, they acted as palanquin bearers to enable them to rob with greater facility), seeing this, commenced their attack afresh, and made sure of killing the lad there and then.

Hanshirō now set up a cry of despair. "*Murder ! murder !*" shouted the lad.

But how useless did such a cry seem ! What answer could be expected but the repetition, and hence the intensification, of its sad accents in the form of the echoes of the wood ? At such an hour of night in such a place what likelihood was there of any but Heaven hearing the cry of distress ?

But wonderful to relate, human ears heard that voice, and human help hastened to the spot from whence it





proceeded. Suddenly there sprang out from the forest a powerful man, arrayed in the garb of a warrior-pilgrim (*Musha-shugyōja*).*

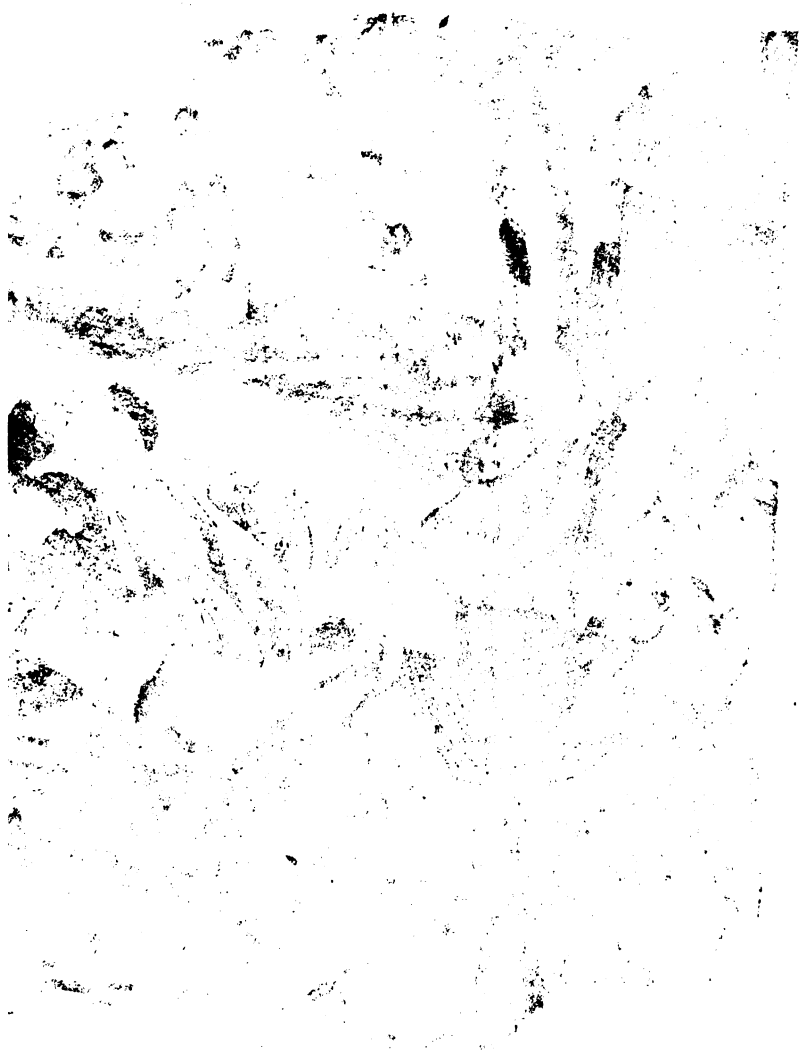
"Away with you! away with you! you greed-loving scoundrels!" shouted the man. "Life is too precious to allow it to be taken in this fashion. Cheer up, young fellow! I will rescue you."

Here the champion, springing into the midst of the robbers, with a huge iron bar, such as were used in those days by warriors of great strength and skill,† in whose hands they proved the most formidable of weapons, commenced to knock them about as though they were nine-pins. Flourishing the bar right and left, in a few minutes he had worked such terrible havoc among them that he and the lad were surrounded by their disabled foes.

* A *Musha-shugyōja* was a person who, from religious motives, or with the object of perfecting himself in warlike attainments, travelled round the country as a warrior-pilgrim. The men who led this life were usually of good families. The time of their pilgrimage differed considerably. It was seldom that, as in the case of Miyamoto Musashi, whose adventures will be described later on in this series of tales, the pilgrimage was kept up for life.

† The weight of some of these iron bars was prodigious. They were often rendered more formidable by being knotted or specially shaped so as to inflict greater injury on the person attacked. Hideyoshi nearly lost *his life* by means of one of these when, on his way to Kyōto to avenge *the death of Nobunaga*.

847







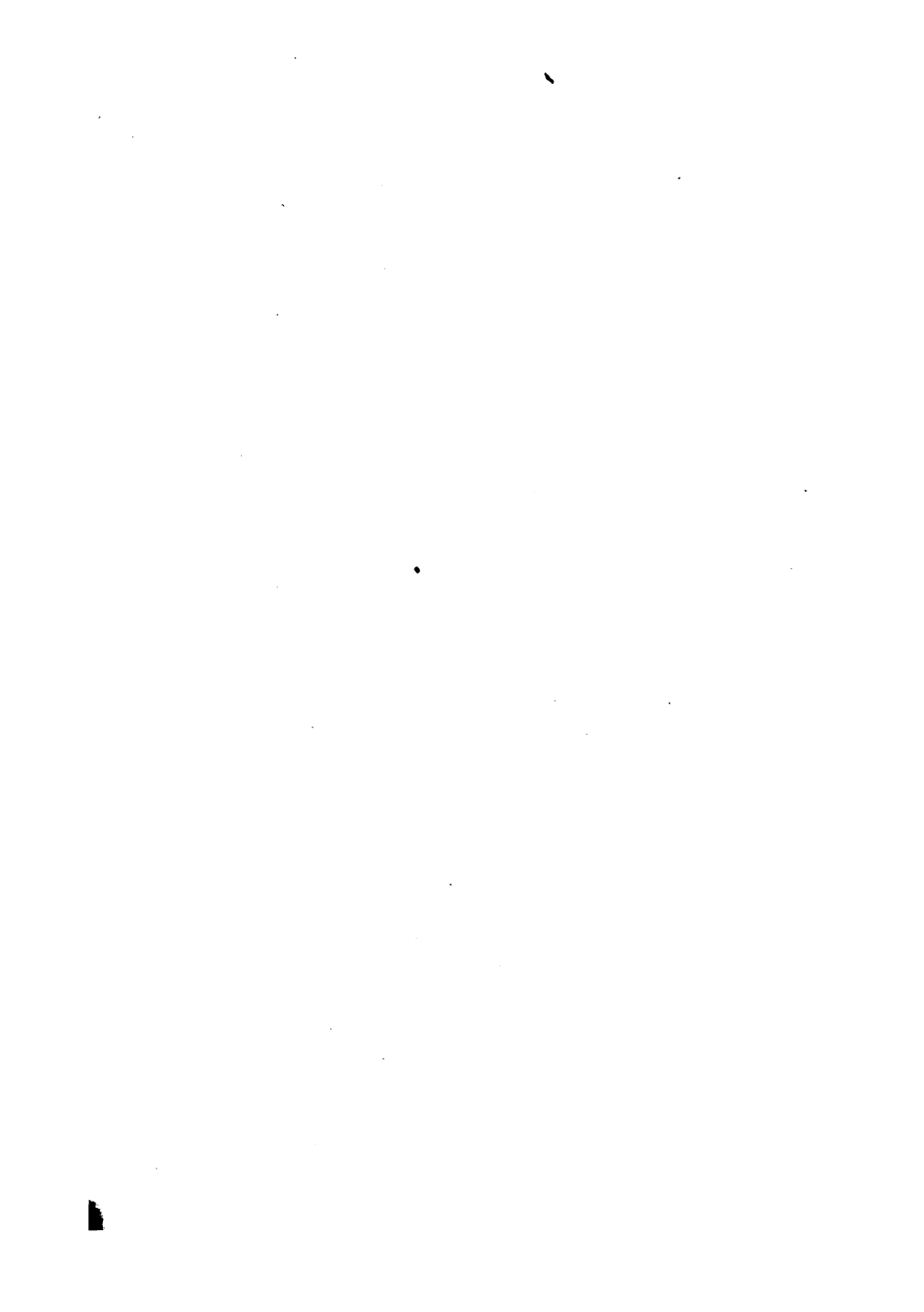


The man who had come to the rescue of Hanshirō was one of the many warrior-pilgrims who traversed the country in search of adventure at this time. After the affray was over he looked round to see what had become of Hanshirō. He found that the lad had fainted, and was lying close to the spot where he had previously fallen. Speedily the good man fetched water and applied restoratives, and in a few minutes Hanshirō revived.

After thanking his benefactor for the help he had given, Hanshirō related to him the whole history of the previous night's incidents and the events that had led to them. Whereupon the warrior-pilgrim observed:—"I watched you as you withstood those villains who assailed you. Though a farmer's son, you are no ordinary lad. Your exploits to-night astounded me beyond measure."

The speaker, on being asked who he was, said;—"I am Gotō Gozaemon Hidemori, from Funai, Bungo. I practise a style of fencing known as the *Mutōryū*, or 'Swordless-style.' You need not fear therefore any further trouble from these robbers. As the distance to Matsuyama is still something considerable, however, I will see that you reach that place in safety."

To this proposal Hanshirō gladly consented, and they set out for Matsuyama. From conversation held on the





road Hidemori learnt that Hanshirō was highly esteemed by his parents and elder brother, and, having had abundant proof of his valour, he thought to himself:—"How would it be to make this lad my heir and teach him the style of fencing which I have adopted? Such a successor would never bring reproach on my name. In instructing such a daring young fellow I should be but 'giving wings to the tiger,' as it were, that is, I should be making one who is already formidable still more so."

On Hidemori's making known his thoughts to Hanshirō, the latter fell in with the plan. So, after delivering the money to the person for whom it was destined, Hidemori and the lad returned to the village of Kōya to solicit the consent of Hanshirō's parents to the proposed plan.

Hanshirō's father listened with astonishment and admiration to Hidemori as he narrated to him Hanshirō's exploits. Though loath to part with so brave and noble a lad, he felt he could not well refuse to comply with the request of the man but for whom his son would have been numbered with the dead.

Hidemori now set up a fencing school in the precincts of Marugame castle, about eight miles from Hanshirō's home. This Hanshirō found very convenient, as it enabled him while living with his adopted parent to visit his real *parents and elder brother* whenever he wished.

From morning to night Hanshirō practised the *Mutō* style of fencing, until he became extremely proficient in it, when Hidemori made him his successor in the fencing school and gave him the name of Gotō Hidekuni. When this had been effected Hidemori started off on another pilgrimage, taking an eastward direction.



From morning to night Hildbrand paced the length of the fence, until he became extremely provoked in it, and Hildbrand told him his sensation in the forest school and gave him the name of Goto Hildbrand. When this had been effected Hildbrand started off on another pilgrimage, taking a eastward direction.

CHAPTER II.

HANSHIRŌ kept up the fencing school in Marugame for three years with great success. Month by month his fame rose higher and higher. The money which he received as fees he either gave to his parents or to the poor, keeping only enough to maintain himself.

At the end of three years it happened that the daily routine of the fencing-master's life was interrupted one day by an occurrence which, however commonplace nowadays, was in those times a great event—a letter arrived. The messenger who brought it said that he had come from a very distant part of the country. The letter proved to be from Hidemori, who was at that time in Ōmama, Kōtsuke, a place over four hundred miles from Marugame.

On opening the letter, Hanshirō found that his adopted father was dangerously ill and desired to see him as soon as possible. So, entrusting his pupils to the care of a friend, he set out for Ōmama, and travelled as rapidly as was possible in those days. Great was his disappointment on arrival to find that Hidemori had been dead nearly a week.

After settling Hidemori's affairs, Hanshirō started for Marugame again, with the intention, however, of seeing *Edo on his way home.*

On the outskirts of Kumagaya there were at the time of which I write, as now, numerous small taverns at which for a few cash travellers could obtain a meal and a cup or two of *sake*. Late one winter afternoon there arrived at one of these taverns an extremely well-dressed and refined looking married couple. Their costume, general appearance and whole demeanour indicated that they were unaccustomed to travel. The man looked as though he had been brought up in ease and luxury. Though his face showed that he was of a good family, and his equipments were those of a high class knight, his limbs lacked the muscle and the development which inurement to the hardships of a warrior's life is calculated to produce. His wife's delicate frame and refined ladylike manners showed that she too was little cut out for enduring the toils and privations which travelling in those days necessarily involved. They both seemed very tired when they reached the little tavern. After taking their meal, they were about to continue their journey, when the innkeeper, seeing that they were inexperienced travellers, thought it would be only kind to inquire where they were going at such a late hour in the afternoon. To this query, the *samurai*,*

* A general name for all persons who were privileged to wear two swords, from the Shōgun and *Daimyō* down to the lowest grade. Knight is perhaps the nearest English approach to the meaning of the term, though in some respects somewhat misleading.

and the fact that the Government has been unable to obtain the necessary information from the various sources to which it has been referred, it is not possible to say whether the Government has been able to obtain the necessary information from the various sources to which it has been referred.

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There is a great deal of evidence to show that the
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any other country, but also more virtuous and more
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the Christian religion. This is also shown by the
fact that the United States has the highest
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Christian churches. This is a clear indication
that the people of the United States are more
pious and more virtuous than the people of
any other country.

the right." "No, not the wayward," as it seems to be some thing not to be feared and avoided. I have is not very sure I am not I think I am better put up here for

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for such he was, replied, "We are on our way to Edo and wish to reach Kōnosu to-night. How far may it be to that place?"

"People say that it is only twelve miles from here," replied the innkeeper; "but in reality it is more. It is now after four o'clock, and the road between this and Kōnosu lies along an embankment that is infested with robbers. Excuse me for making the remark, but your august partner does not look as though she could bear such a long journey after the fatigues of the road you have already traversed. I would strongly advise you to put up here for the night."

Just at this point five or six palanquin-bearers came rushing into the tavern. And, after taking a glance at the married couple and asking in what direction they were going, one of them, addressing the *samurai*, said:—"We are on our way home and can take you cheap, sir. Please hire our palanquins."

"No," replied the *samurai*, "as it seems to be some distance to Kōnosu, and travelling, I hear, is not very safe just now, I think we had better put up here for the night."

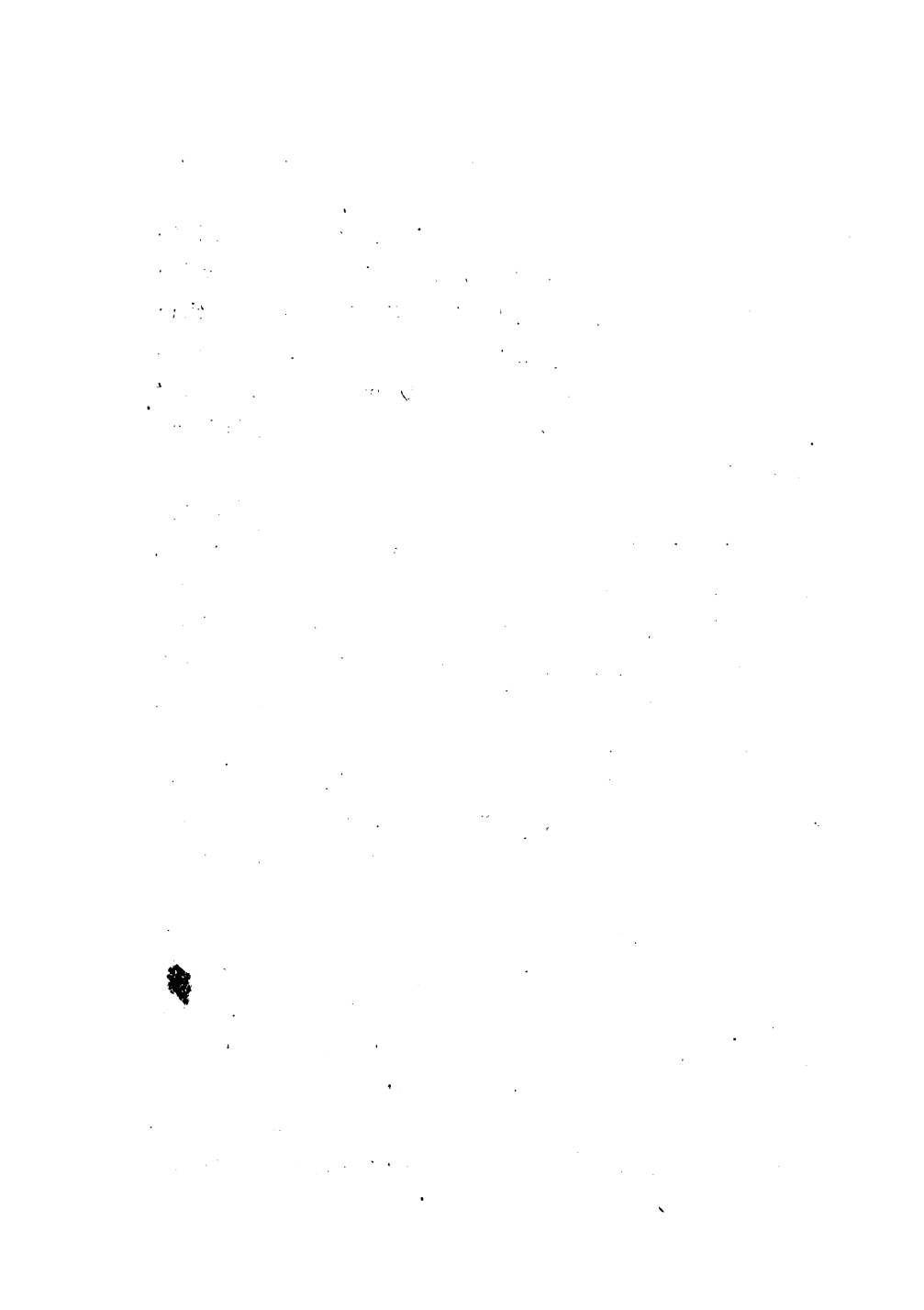
"What is the gentleman saying? He is no doubt a stranger to these parts," rejoined one of the bearers. "The innkeeper has evidently been trying to persuade

your Honour to put up here for the night. Of course it is to the interest of an innkeeper to do so. It is said to be twelve miles from here to Kōnosu, but in reality it is not more than seven. We will take you for three *sen*,* sir. If we go quickly, I have no doubt the gentleman will not object to give us a drink at the end of the journey. This is all we shall ask."

The innkeeper knew that the men were highway-robbers in disguise; but it was as much as his life was worth to interfere. So he held his tongue; and the married couple, being unacquainted with the ways of the world and novices in travelling, were deceived by the plausible speech of the men, and, entering their palanquins, set out for Kōnosu.

"Ah!" exclaimed the innkeeper to his servant Yasuke after they had started, "such people are to be pitied. Any one as ignorant of the world as they are ought not to travel at such times as these. There they are in the hands of robbers! I would have said something, but did not dare. Ill-luck take it!—We'll do no more selling, to-day, lad. There is no knowing how many more of these scoundrels may turn up. Up with the shutters, boy, as sharp as you can, and bolt the door."

* *This would be the equivalent of about thirty cents nowadays.*



Yasuke hastened to obey these orders ; and had nearly finished the closing in, when a huge man, wearing two swords and carrying a large iron bar, made his appearance.

“Master is right,” said the lad to himself. “We have not seen the last of the robbers yet. Here is a man who looks to be their chief.”

While Yasuke was thinking of how best to get rid of the new visitor, “Here, here, boy! hand me a cup of *sake*, will you,” shouted the traveller ; “and get ready some fish. Goodness me! how short the days are growing!” And, on the lad delaying to bring the *sake*, he added, “‘During the month of November employ no one who has not his wits about him’—a true saying enough that—come, boy! look sharp! What are you up to there?”

Yasuke eyed the stranger from head to foot. He had never seen any one who looked so formidable before. His limbs were all of unusual size ; his eyes gleamed with fire ; his hair had been allowed to grow long in the centre of the head, where in those days it was usually shaven close to the skin, and hung in a disshevelled, careless fashion, adding considerably to the general fierce appearance of the man to whom it belonged. “This fellow is no doubt the head of the gang of robbers who have just left us,” thought Yasuke. Bowing low to the

ground in a most respectful manner, with a tremulous voice, he accosted the stranger as follows:—"I am extremely sorry, sir, that you should have had the trouble to come here for nothing, but we have neither fish nor *sake* left."

"Well, well! what a place to be sure!" exclaimed the traveller, "you have rice I suppose, I will take some rice."

"I am sorry to say we have no rice ready," replied the lad.

"Well, then, I will put up for the night here. I see you have a notice outside to say that you put people up. Boil some rice as quickly as you can, will you?"

Thus saying, the stranger was about to take off his sandals and go up on the mats, when, again bowing to the ground, Yasuke interposed:—"It is most unfortunate, sir, but to-night there is a meeting to be held in this house, and all the rooms will be occupied, so we are not able to put any one up to-night."

"The Devil take you!" blurted out the stranger, looking fiercely at the lad. "Who *are* you? Are you a servant or the master of this house? You are telling me lies, you rascal!—why, here are fish in the tub—and here is *sake* too. Do you think by my appearance that I am a robber?"

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There is a lot of information available on the Internet, and it is important to be able to find it. The following are some tips for finding information on the Internet:

The stranger now went and helped himself to some *sake*, and, taking out a quantity of money from his purse, said:—"Here, look at this! I can pay for any amount of things. You are surely not stupid enough to think that I am one that would take victuals by main force and run away without paying for them?"

Instead of allaying Yasuke's suspicions, these remarks only tended to confirm them. "There is no doubt that this fellow has stolen that money," said he to himself. "No ordinary traveller would carry about so much money. I must get rid of him somehow or other."

"It is true, sir," observed the lad, "that, as you say, there are fish and *sake* here, but they are in readiness for the guests who are to assemble in this house to-night."

"What, lying again?" rejoined the stranger. "I will knock you down." Here he clenched his fist and raised his hand as if about to strike.

Whereupon Yasuke, thinking that "discretion was the better part of valour," and that, as things were beginning to look very serious, the sooner he was out of the reach of this giant's fist the better, scampered away into the next room.

The innkeeper, one—Hachigorō, had heard all that was going on and now thought it high time to interfere.

"*I am afraid*," sir, said Hachigorō, bowing low to the

ground, "that my servant has been very rude to you. He is a stupid fellow. We have fish and *sake* in the house, sir, so please take as much as you like of both ; and if there is anything else you wish for, sir, please order it."

"Come, come!" replied the stranger, "you need not make so many apologies. I was in the wrong. I had no business to take *sake* without leave. My wearing two swords and carrying this iron bar, my size and general appearance may make me look something like a robber. But I do not relish being taken for a robber on account of my looks."

"Of course not," replied the innkeeper. "Though I do not mean anything personal, people are not to be judged by appearances. Even Kan Shin, who afterwards became so great, was once seen receiving a little rice from an old woman who was washing clothes. And, subsequently the same man did not mind creeping beneath the legs of vulgar rustics.* You too, though your out-

* Here is the story as related in Chinese annals. One day some youths of the town in which he was residing met Kan Shin in the street and mockingly said to him, "You are a big man, and assume great airs, going about with a sword in your girdle, as though you were a very brave man. So much for appearance. You are a coward! If you think otherwise, then show your courage by coming to fight with us. But if you are afraid to do this, then crawl between our legs."

Shin looked at the youths, and then, stooping down, crept between their legs. The townsfolk joined in a laugh at his expense, and made up

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ward appearance may be against you, are a man the lustre of whose heart is unsullied. Like the lotus in the mud, you are undefiled by your surroundings."

"Well, well! now you are overrunning the mark!" rejoined the traveller. "There is no need for praising me after this fashion. You are a rare man though. It is not often that one finds a countryman who knows anything about the great men of China."

"Excuse me for being so rude as to say so, but if I am not mistaken," remarked the innkeeper, "the gentleman comes from the neighbourhood of Sanuki."

"*There* you are right," replied the stranger. "But how did you find it out?"

"By your language of course," said the innkeeper.

"Well, you are a sharp man," rejoined Hanshirō. "Yes, I hail from that part, and am no other than Gotō Hidekuni, instructor in a style of fencing known as the *Mutōryu*."

"Ah!" exclaimed the landlord, "many a time have

their minds that he was one of the greatest of cowards. But this same Shin lived to become a noted general and aided the Emperor Kōso in bringing the whole of China under his sway. His name took rank with that of Shō Ka and Chō Ryō, and his fame will live for ever.

Some insects, says the author of this story, before taking a great leap, contract their bodies into the smallest possible space; so Shin, *after making himself* as small as he could, leaped to the highest post *in the kingdom*.

I heard of you. Gotō Hidemori was well known in this town. Often has he been here teaching; and many a night has he put up in this very house. He frequently spoke of his adopted son, who, he said, was a most skilful fencer. And now I have the pleasure of seeing the said son before me. This is interesting indeed." Here the two men commenced to converse together at a great rate, Hanshirō giving a history of the whole of his past life.

At the close of the conversation, the innkeeper remarked:—"I only wish you had reached my house a little earlier. A distressing thing happened here just now."

The landlord then related what had occurred. On hearing which, Hanshirō exclaimed, "I will go and rescue these travellers." And forthwith, springing up, he prepared to set out.

"It is no use. It is too late," said the innkeeper.

"Even if it is too late," replied Hanshirō, "I will go and meet the scoundrels on their way back with the spoil, and will cut them to pieces and restore the money and the stolen goods to their former owners. I am just the man for such a time as this. I have no one dependent on me. I am fond of fighting. I am strong and fearless. Where the weak are oppressed, there does Hanshirō delight to go. 'To see the right thing to be done and not to do it, this is cowardice.' Away I go to look into this affair. If my

search prove fruitless, never mind; at any rate I shall have the satisfaction of knowing I have done my best." Then, after a pause, he continued:—"As the travellers may be wounded, do you get a doctor and wait here till I come back. Here, please take charge of my money till my return: I shall not need it."

The troubles of the two travellers are soon told. Un-suspicious, they were conveyed to a lonely spot situated about half way between Kumagaya and Kōnosu, where there stood at this time a small shed which contained a Buddhist idol. Here the palanquins were lowered, and the bearers, surrounding them, said to each other:—"Come! we have gone far enough. Here we will take our ease. Reckoning the value of their clothes, we have a prize worth quite a hundred *ryō*, so we'll have a jolly time of it."

The *samurai* heard this, and said to himself:—"A pretty trap we have fallen into! Well, it is fight or die—so, little as I know how, to save my wife from death—*fight I will.*"

One of the bearers now came forward and said:—"I may as well tell you at once that we have brought you to this place for the sake of robbing you, and therefore you had better make up your mind to deliver up quietly all that you possess. If you resist, we shall take *your life.*"

"He has stolen the money and the woman too, and we will relieve him of both," said another of the men.

"Don't parley with him, but make haste and kill him," remarked a third.

Ill-prepared as was the *samurai* to contend against such odds, for he knew next to nothing of the art of fencing, yet, urged on by the desperateness of the situation in which he found himself, he drew his sword and commenced to fight vigorously. Better armed than his assailants, at first it seemed as though he were going to hold his own against them. Several of them fell wounded around him; but his lack of training began ere long to show itself in failure of strength, and, the men surrounding him on all sides, he found it no longer possible to protect himself against the blows of their clubs.

Having repeatedly been struck, he began to feel that all was over, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a great stir and hubbub which was taking place among the robbers. He looked anxiously in the direction of the noise and caught sight of a giant form dashing into the midst of his foes.

"Another assailant," thought the *samurai* for a moment. But no—the new arrival was not such. For, within a few minutes, man after man fell before the crushing blows of a heavy iron-bar, which this giant-warrior wielded as



though it were no heavier than a feather, until not a robber was left, and the *samurai* found himself confronted by this mysterious stranger. Was he a friend or a foe? His general appearance and his arrival on the spot at such an hour seemed unmistakably to indicate that he was the latter. He perhaps was the head of another gang of highwaymen and had come for the purpose of plundering the plunderers.

The reader does not need to be told that this new arrival was Hanshirō. Attracted by the loud weeping of the lady, who, while her husband was being attacked, had been tied to a tree, Hanshirō had found out the scene of the affray. And to him the work of slaying or scattering a dozen robbers was mere child's play.

While the *samurai* and his poor frightened wife were thinking that they had but "escaped from the wolf to be devoured by the tiger," Hanshirō made known to them who he was, and told them how he had obtained the information which had enabled him to put in such an opportune appearance.

The *samurai* was badly wounded. Hanshirō attended to his wounds, and then bade the married couple get into one of the palanquins. When they had entered, Hanshirō struck his hands together and exclaimed:—"There now! I was a stupid not to have kept two of those fellows

alive to bear the palanquin back to Kumagaya! Well, 'An after-thought is as good as no thought at all.' So I must make a shift somehow and carry them myself."

Hanshirō took his two swords and his iron-bar and, tying them to the end of one pole of the palanquin, managed to partially balance the weight of the persons inside, and then, making up for the deficient weight by heavy pressure on the other end, succeeded in bearing the conveyance along the road. Tremendous as was the strength required to carry such a heavy burden any distance after this fashion, Hanshirō, who had trained himself to succumb to no obstacles whatever, managed to reach the little tavern at Kumagaya with his charge.

Knocking at the door of the inn, he shouted—"Eh! Hachigorō!—I was just in time! I have come back!"

The doctor was in readiness, and the traveller's wounds were promptly attended to.

On inquiry Hanshirō found out that the *samurai* was from Echigo; that his name was Shindō Ichinojō; that he had been a retainer of Matsudaira, Echigo-no-Kami, the Baron of Takata; but that on account of an offence committed for which he expected heavy punishment, he had abruptly left the Baron's service; and that one Ōhashi Bun-emon had assisted his flight and had supplied him with

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money for his journey to Edo. Ichinojō, then, was on his way to this place when the incidents which I have just described took place.

Hanshirō, who though so daring had a heart capable of deep sympathy for the distressed, listened with intense interest to Ichinojō's tale of suffering; and at its close offered to conduct the married couple to Edo in person and to set them up in business there.

So after they had remained some ten days at Kumagaya, Ichinojō's wounds being healed, Hanshirō paid all the expenses which had been incurred at the inn, and, bearing a letter from Hachigorō to his brother—Chōbei, who kept a small tavern in Bakurō-chō known as the Musashiya, the party set out for Edo; which they reached without further mishap.

Hanshirō remained in Edo about a month with Ichinojō and his wife. At the end of that time, after making them a present of twenty *ryō*, exhorting them to be diligent in business, and requesting Chōbei to do all he could to help them, he took his leave, and set out for Marugame.

Having passed through Kanagawa, Hanshirō was on his way to Hodogaya, when he was accosted by a man who was walking behind him as follows:—"If it is not a rude question to put, may I ask for what part of the country you are bound, sir?"

"I am going to Marugame, in Sanuki," replied Hanshirō.

"I am from Ōmi," said the man, "and am now on my way home, and so our road is the same. If you have no objection, I should like to keep you company as far as Ōmi."

"Well, there is a saying:—'Go to Ōmi for robbers and to Ise for beggars,'" replied Hanshirō. "So it will not do for me to be off my guard with an Ōmi man as a travelling companion!"

"The gentleman is fond of a joke, I see," replied the man. "Because people have given the Ōmi folks a bad name, it is not to be supposed that every man who comes from that part of the country is a rogue. I am a trader who has been to Edo on business. Having plenty of money in my purse, and the road being somewhat dangerous, I should be glad to have protection on the way. The gentleman being an honourable knight, I should feel quite safe if allowed to travel in his company."

"Very good then," replied Hanshirō, "you may accompany me if you will."

For some days they travelled together. The Ōmi man grew more and more familiar, until he began to speak and act as though he had known Hanshirō for twenty years. This gradually awakened the latter's suspicions. So, one night, while the two were drinking sake at

a tavern at which they had put up, Hanshirō determined to bring the matter to a point. Hence he quietly remarked:—
“It is said that this Tōkaidō is infested with those robbers in disguise known as *Goma-no-hai*, who pretend to be very friendly to travellers and then take the first opportunity of robbing them. You seem to me very much like one of those.”

“I am discovered,” thought the man; “but Hanshirō has no proof to go on, and therefore he can do nothing.” So, without a change of countenance, he replied:—
“Well, the gentleman *is* fond of saying extraordinary things. Had I been a robber, do you suppose I should have travelled with you all these days without robbing you?” Thus saying, the man took another cup of *sake*.

“A shrewd fellow this!” thought Hanshirō. “He is not to be caught napping. I will lay a snare for him, however, and make him show himself in his true colours.”

“So then you are not one of the sharpers of whom I have heard,” said Hanshirō. “To tell you the truth, I am rather anxious to meet with one of these fellows; just to see whether he could get over me or not. Here, look! I have a hundred *ryō*!” taking the money out of his pocket and showing it to the man; “suppose now that you were a rogue, I would defy you to take this from me.” Then pausing, he added:—“But I am forgetting the proverb—

‘Though the thief may take his ease, the man who wishes to keep his property never should.’ Perhaps I am presumptuous in boasting in this way.”

This was done in order to inform the man that there was money to be had and to induce him to take prompt action. The man was aware that Hanshirō was very fond of *sake*, and so he thought that the best way of acting would be to induce him to drink himself tipsy and then to rob him while he was in a dead sleep. Consequently he urged Hanshirō to help himself to *sake* freely.

Hanshirō saw what was intended and his fertile mind immediately hit on a method of outwitting his fellow-traveller. He perceived that by first feigning to be tipsy and afterwards pretending to be asleep he could catch the man in his own trap.

So, after taking as much *sake* as would have intoxicated most men, but which owing to long use and great strength of constitution had no serious effect on him, Hanshirō pretended to be quite tipsy. He sang songs and shouted, much to the annoyance of the guests in the next room, who remonstrated with him in vain, till at last he stretched himself out on his bed and pretended to fall asleep. His money lay near him beneath the quilt in a long bag, a part of which was under his body.

He had not been in that position long before his travel-

[illegible]

"I will be this," said the woman, "and I will be this," and she looked at the child with a smile.

[illegible]

ling companion, creeping stealthily over, seized the money and was about to go off with it, when Hanshirō, raising one of his legs, placed it on the man's back and held him down, while he shouted :—" *A thief ! A thief !* "

Before the alarmed guests had entered the room, partly for his own and partly for the guests' amusement, Hanshirō had covered the man with a quilt, while he held him tight between his legs. The people of the house and the guests, after searching the room, said that there was no thief to be found anywhere. " Here he is beneath the bed-clothes ! " exclaimed Hanshirō.

" Nonsense ! " they replied. " The idea of a thief hiding beneath your quilt ! You are humbugging us ! "

" Come and see then," said he.

On removing the quilt they found the thief, looking as though he were in a vice between the gigantic legs of Hanshirō. He had his sandals on and all his equipments ready for taking a journey.

" As it is late to-night," said Hanshirō, " we will tie this fellow up to the post till daylight." Thus secured, the thief remained till the morning, when he begged hard to be forgiven.

Hanshirō's feeling of pity overcame his sense of justice, and, fearing nothing himself, it concerned him little how much others had to fear from the liberty which he was

granting to this robber. So, in an off-hand way, he said to the man:—"Death is the punishment the law assigns for the crime you have committed, but I will spare you. You may thank your stars that you have met with a man like me."

Here some of the guests at the inn interposed:—"It is not right of you, sir, to treat the man so leniently. He ought to have some mark put on him to serve as a reminder of his crime. Allow us to deal with him."

"Very well; replied Hanshirō; "as your sleep was disturbed by him last night, I suppose I cannot very well say no."

The guests took the robber and, after plucking the hair from one side of his head, they tattoed him on both the face and the head with ink. When they had finished, Hanshirō exclaimed:—"That will do! that will do!" Then calling the robber, he said to him:—"Let this be a lesson to you not to thief in future. Whenever an evil heart tempts you to steal, take a look at your tattoed face and say, '*I had better not.*'"

This little episode being over, Hanshirō set out on his journey and reached Marugame without any further adventures, where he resumed his duties at the fencing-school.





1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The study of the history of the English language is important for several reasons. First, it helps us to understand the development of the English language and the factors which have influenced its development. Second, it helps us to understand the relationship between the English language and other languages. Third, it helps us to understand the cultural and social context in which the English language has developed. Fourth, it helps us to understand the role of the English language in the world today. Fifth, it helps us to understand the future of the English language.

2. The second part of the paper discusses the history of the English language from its origins to the present. It begins with the prehistoric period, when the English language was first spoken by the Anglo-Saxons. It then discusses the Old English period, the Middle English period, and the Modern English period. It also discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, such as Latin, French, and Greek. It also discusses the influence of social and cultural factors on the English language, such as the Norman Conquest and the Renaissance.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the development of the English language in different parts of the world. It begins with the English language in North America, where it was first spoken by the English colonists. It then discusses the English language in Australia, where it was first spoken by the British convicts. It also discusses the English language in India, where it was first spoken by the British administrators. It also discusses the English language in Africa, where it was first spoken by the British colonists. It also discusses the English language in Asia, where it was first spoken by the British traders.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the role of the English language in the world today. It begins with the English language as a global language, which is spoken by millions of people around the world. It then discusses the English language as a language of science and technology, which is used in many fields of research. It also discusses the English language as a language of culture and art, which is used in many forms of expression. It also discusses the English language as a language of business and industry, which is used in many areas of commerce.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the future of the English language. It begins with the English language as a global language, which is expected to continue to grow in the future. It then discusses the English language as a language of science and technology, which is expected to continue to play a major role in the future. It also discusses the English language as a language of culture and art, which is expected to continue to play a major role in the future. It also discusses the English language as a language of business and industry, which is expected to continue to play a major role in the future.

CHAPTER III.

Our story returns to the fortunes of the married couple who were left by Hanshirō in Edo in charge of Chōbei at the Musashi-ya, Bakurō-chō. I have already alluded to the easy life which Ichinojō had lived in Takata, and to his lack of all soldier-like qualities. When forced to make a living for himself and his wife, the deficiencies of his training came more and more to light.

Some days after Hanshirō had left, Chōbei came to Ichinojō one day and said:—"I think, sir, it is high time for you to commence something whereby to obtain a living. Being a *samurai*, I have no doubt you know how to fence, could you not open a fencing-school?"

"Goodness me!" replied Ichinojō, "I know absolutely nothing about fencing. How to brandish a sword I have no more idea than the man in the moon;* and my knowledge of spear-exercise is no better."

"Then" replied Chōbei, "I have no doubt you can write well, having been educated as a gentleman's son. Why not start a writing school?"

"That would be impossible", replied Ichinojō; "I write a very bad hand."

* Not strictly true, as Ichinojō did defend himself against the robbers for a while.

"Really!" exclaimed Chōbei. "Well—let me see now—what can you do to earn some money?" Chōbei turned his head now on this side and now on that, looking immensely puzzled for a few seconds, and then continued:—"If you will allow me, Sir, I will tell you how to make a living. The thing I am going to suggest though is somewhat arduous; but by acting carefully you can make it pay very well. I propose that you should become a purchaser of waste-paper and such like things."

To this the *samurai* consented, without realizing what the following of such an occupation involved.

"It will never do for you to have such a grand name as Shindō Ichinojō as a waste-paper buyer," continued Chōbei; "you had better change your name. And, to show that you are connected with me, the first syllable of your name shall be Chō; and the second hachi. Chōhachi, then, shall be your name."

Chōhachi took up his quarters in a *nagaya** near Chōbei's house, where he commenced his new life.

The first day, bearing with him a scale of rates at which he was prepared to purchase paper and other articles, which had been drawn up by Chōbei, Chōhachi set out on his rounds. Without opening his lips, he passed through the streets. As he walked along, he soliloquized thus:—

*A long row of houses under one roof.



"Ah! true is the saying :—(Among blossoms the cherry is the best; among men, the knight).† To think that I, who have been receiving two hundred *koku* a year, should have come to this! It is true that it was brought on by my own folly; but it is hard to bear nevertheless. Oh that I could forget that I was born a *samurai*! Though unknown to those I meet, the very sight of a military man makes me feel utterly ashamed of myself."

With his mind full of such thoughts, stealthily he crept along through street after street, only studying how he should get out of people's way. The consequence was that, though he carried a basket in which he was to have put the articles that it was intended he should purchase, no one took any notice of him, and he wandered on and on, till, when night-fall reminded him that it was time to retrace his steps, he found himself far away from Bakurō-chō, and without a notion of the direction in which it lay. So, not having the sense to ask the way, he paid two *sen* for a guide to conduct him back to his house.

On reaching his home, he found that Chōbei had just come over to hear how he had fared. Disappointed enough was the innkeeper to hear the result of his dependant's first day's toil.

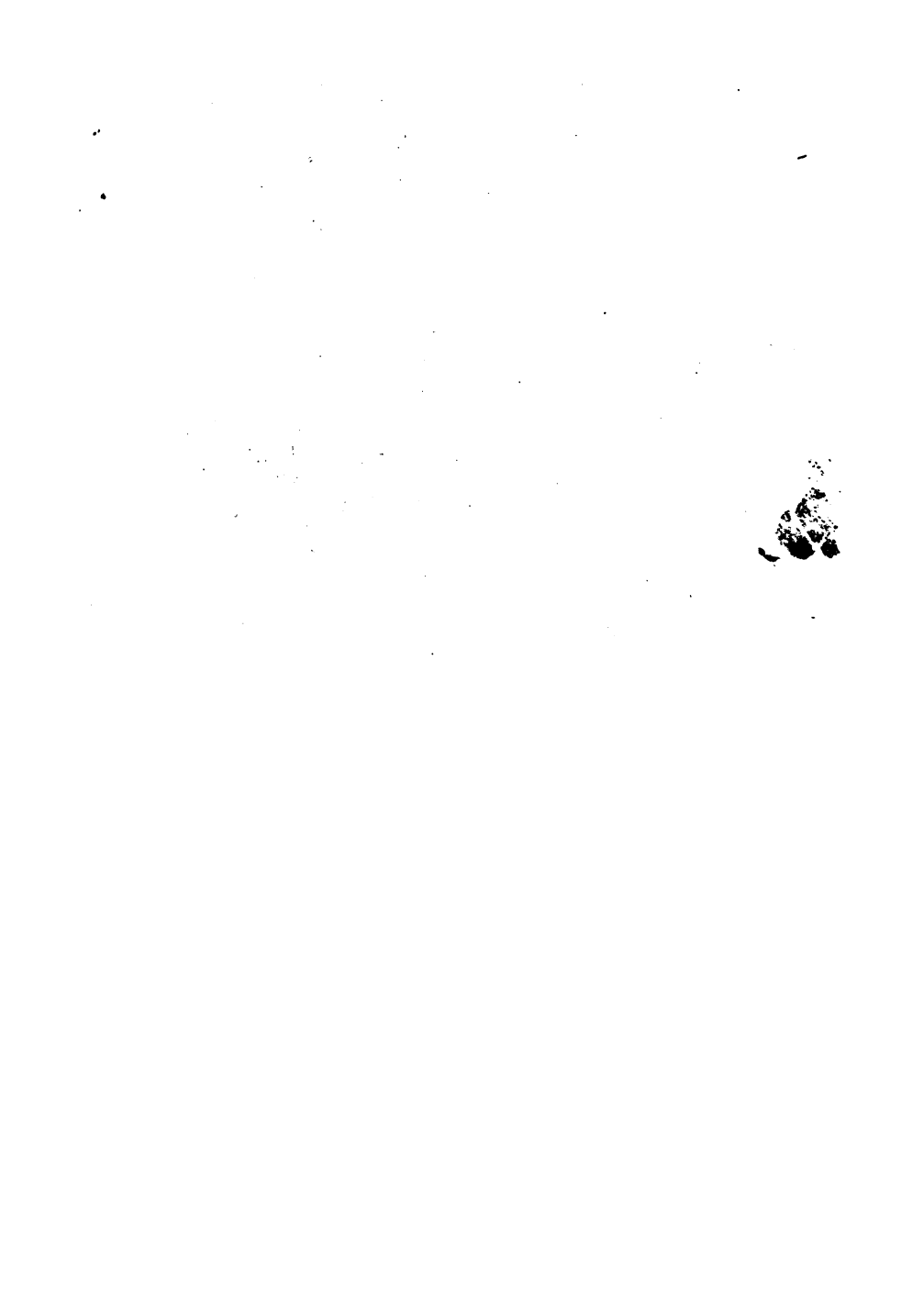
† *Hana wa sakura-gi,*
Hito wa bushi.

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The next day Chōhachi set out again; but he found the same difficulty in adapting himself to his altered circumstances. Do what he would, he could not summon courage to call out, "Waste-paper! waste-paper!" The words seemed to stick in his throat when he tried to utter them. But he determined to make an effort to familiarize himself with the call by repeating the words aloud in some unfrequented place where no one could hear him. So he went out to the fields at the back of the Asakusa temple, and in a lonely spot, where he thought no soul could overhear him, raising his voice to a high pitch, he called out:—" *Kami kuzu ya de gozai!—Kuzu wa tamari-masen ka?* " *

Near the spot which Chōhachi had chosen for practising his cry some children were playing. Hearing a man shouting out "waste-paper," in such a funny place, they thought that he must be bewitched. "Come, come!" said one of the lads to his companions; "here is a paper-buyer who has been bewitched by a fox! Let us pelt him."

Whereupon they commenced throwing stones at Chōhachi; who, running away as fast as his legs would carry him, exclaimed:—"This Edo is a bad place and no

* "The waste-paper man! Have you no waste-paper?"

mistake! Even the boys here can't let a stranger alone without molesting him."

Thus ended the second day's work; for Chōhachi was far too much upset by this occurrence to do anything more that day.

Chōbei was excessively amused by the account that Chōhachi gave of his experiences on his return; and, bursting with laughter, he said:—"It was quite natural that the boys should say what they did: for who would suppose that any one but a madman would be shouting 'waste-paper' in a place where not a soul resides? It is natural too for a man who has occupied your position to be ashamed to call out, 'waste-paper,' in the public thoroughfares. I can fancy how the words must stick in your throat. But you must try and get over this feeling. I will endeavour to help you out of the difficulty. There is a line of poetry which says:—

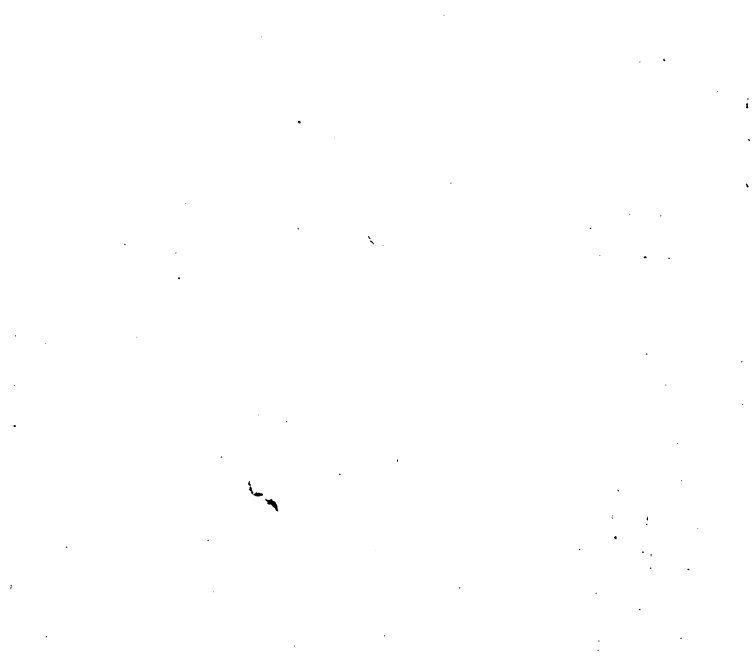
'The small trader who,
'Day by day,
'Acts as a clock.'

If a hawker or purchaser of small things goes by the same places at the same time every day, gradually his punctuality serves to tell people what time of day it is; and thus his *regularity* tends to attract attention to himself, first, and *then to his trade*. As he passes, people say, 'There goes

the paper-buyer !' or, 'There goes the tea-man ! It is no doubt such and such o'clock ;—it is high time to be cooking the rice for dinner ;' or, 'My husband will soon be home from his work ;' or, 'Ofusa will soon be back from school ;' and so there springs up a kind of intimacy between the residents and the punctual tradesman, which leads the former to prefer to carry on business with him rather than with any one whose visits have been less frequent or less regular. Thus it is that continual keeping at a thing brings its reward in the long run. Now there is little use in going, as you have been doing, through the grandest streets of the town. You should go to the back alleys and pass the same houses at the same time every day, and as you pass, speak a civil word to the inmates of the houses. Such as, 'This is a very cold day ;'—or, 'There is no doing anything such rainy weather as this ;' or,—'A busy time this, Mrs. Hikobei !' or, 'What a long spell of hot weather we are having !' Then, just before you take your leave, you should say :—'I suppose you have not any old scraps of paper to sell ?' "

The next day Chōhachi started on his rounds again. Acting on Chōbei's advice, he went to the back alleys, and saluted the residents in a most civil manner.

But, knowing no other language save that in general use among *samurai*, and no civility but that practised by



the same time, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) published a similar article.

The JAMA article, titled "The Role of the Physician in the Prevention of Disease," was published in the January 1948 issue. It was written by a group of physicians and public health officials, and it emphasized the importance of preventive medicine in the post-war era. The article argued that physicians had a duty to educate their patients about the risks of disease and to encourage them to adopt healthy habits.

The article also discussed the role of the physician in the community. It suggested that physicians should work to improve the health of their communities by participating in public health programs and by advocating for better living conditions. The article concluded by stating that the physician's role in the prevention of disease was a vital one, and that it required a commitment to the health of the community as a whole.

The JAMA article was widely read and discussed, and it helped to shape the public's understanding of the physician's role in the prevention of disease. It also influenced the development of public health programs and policies in the United States. The article's emphasis on preventive medicine and community health was a key theme in the post-war public health movement, and it continues to be relevant today.

The JAMA article was also cited in a number of other articles and books, and it has become a classic text in the history of public health. It is a testament to the importance of the physician's role in the prevention of disease, and it is a reminder of the need for a commitment to the health of the community as a whole.

The JAMA article was also influential in the development of the field of preventive medicine. It helped to establish the field as a distinct discipline, and it provided a framework for the study of the prevention of disease. The article's emphasis on community health and public health programs was a key theme in the development of the field.

The JAMA article was also influential in the development of the field of medical education. It helped to establish the importance of preventive medicine in the medical curriculum, and it provided a framework for the teaching of preventive medicine to medical students.

The JAMA article was also influential in the development of the field of public health. It helped to establish the importance of preventive medicine in public health programs, and it provided a framework for the study of the prevention of disease in the community. The article's emphasis on community health and public health programs was a key theme in the development of the field.

The JAMA article was also influential in the development of the field of medical research. It helped to establish the importance of preventive medicine in medical research, and it provided a framework for the study of the prevention of disease.

gentlemen and ladies, his salutations were far above the heads of those for whom they were intended and often excited their laughter. The following is a specimen of the language which he used in addressing his would-be customers:—"To-day the weather is superb! That you and your august family are all in the enjoyment of health is a subject for the most hearty congratulations. I am Chōhachi, a paper-buyer who lives with a householder named Chōbei in the second ward of Bakuro-chō. I earnestly beg that you will be good enough to allow me to make your acquaintance.—Do you happen to have any old paper to sell?"

The old women in the back streets listened to his polite speeches without understanding a word, but were very pleased nevertheless; for they felt that his looks and gestures showed that he meant to be very polite to them. As he was civility itself, he went by the name of "The Civil Paper-buyer," and gradually people grew to be fond of him and preferred to deal with him rather than with any one else. Thus, as had been predicted by Chōbei, Chōhachi became unusually popular; and, with the advantage of Chōbei's advice in all matters of difficulty, he managed to maintain himself, his wife and a little girl who had been *born to them* shortly after their arrival in Edo.

CHAPTER IV.

THE uncertainties of life are so great that it is impossible to say from what affluence to what poverty men may fall. The events I am now about to relate afford a striking illustration of this.

One day, some seventeen years after Chōhachi had settled in Edo, he thought that it was incumbent on him to offer up his thanksgivings to Kwan-on, the goddess of mercy, for the blessings he had received. Though no more of a believer in supernatural help than most of the knights of his day, occasional homage to the gods being one of the recognized obligations of a gentlemen, Chōhachi felt that his good breeding demanded a certain amount of devotion. So, with a light heart, full of holiday rather than religious feelings, after arraying himself in his best clothes, Chōhachi set out for the Asakusa Kwan-on temple, where he made his contributions to the priests and offered up thanksgivings to the goddess.

After this, with the intention of worshipping at Ueno, he started for that place and got as far as the foot of the little hill which leads up to the temple. Here he noticed that a number of beggars were asking for alms. One of them especially attracted his attention: partly *because of the extreme poverty which his dirt and rag*





seemed to indicate, partly on account of his wearing a *fukaamigasa*,* and partly owing to his having a crest on his ragged garments, which Chōhachi seemed to remember having seen somewhere at some time or other. On thinking it over, Chōhachi remembered the crest as that of his old friend in Takata, Ōhashi Bun-emon. With the object of inducing the beggar to speak, and of thus having a further opportunity of testing the correctness of his surmises, Chōhachi threw down a few coppers in front of him. These the beggar picked up, immediately thanking him for them in a most polite way.

Chōhachi no sooner heard the beggar's voice than he said to himself, "I am not mistaken. It is no other than Bun-emon."

Not wishing to confer with him in public, Chōhachi determined to follow the beggar to his lodgings and satisfy himself about his identity there. This he did; and found that he was living in an abominably filthy place. He occupied a small room in a very low class *nagaya*, which was inhabited by beggars of all ranks and grades, who at the time of Chōhachi's visit were engaged in practising over

* *Lit*: A deep braid-work hat: so made as to completely hide the face from view, resembling therefore the visor of the west. These hats were worn by men who had some special reason for not wishing their identity to be known.

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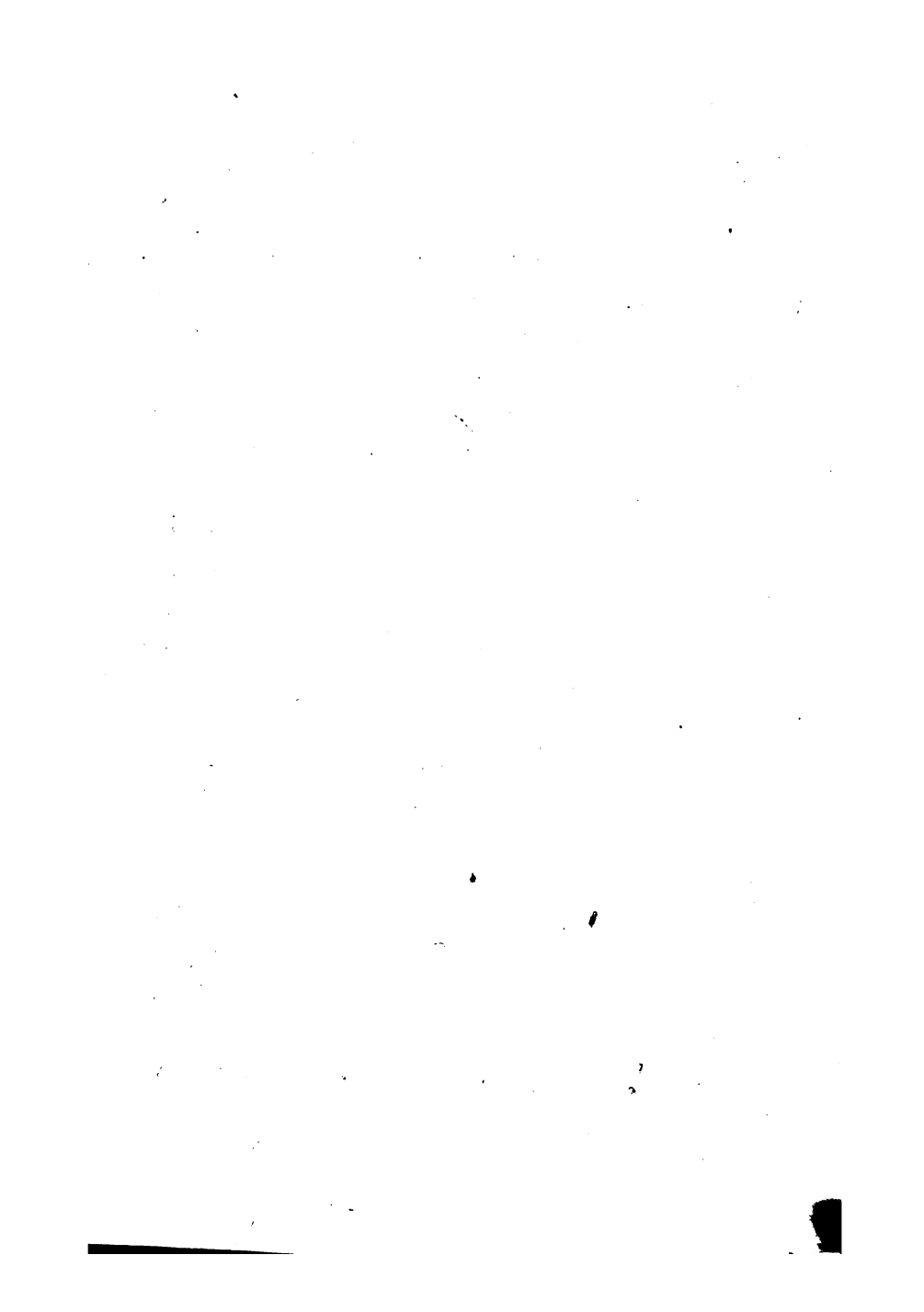






their various arts and devices for obtaining money. Some were training birds, others monkeys; some were dancing, others wrestling; some were imitating the cawing of the crow, the screech of the owl, or the roar of some wild beast; while others were raving with cranky voices the words of some old song.

On Chōhachi's making himself known to Bun-emon, for such the beggar proved to be, the latter gave him the history of his fall. Unlike that of Chōhachi, Bun-emon's fall had been brought about by no fault of his own. On the contrary, it was the result of the most scrupulous honesty on his part. Bun-emon related to Chōhachi how, as was so frequently the case in those days, his lord had surrounded himself with flatterers; how these flatterers had combined against all the baron's most faithful councillors; how in consequence of this one after another the best of his retainers had been dismissed from the baron's service, until he (Bun-emon) was the only one left; and how that he had determined to hold on and endeavour to oust the flatterers from the position they had obtained, but that they had proved too strong for him. "I might," said Bun-emon, "have gone into the service of another lord; but, as the saying is, 'A faithful servant can only serve one master,' so rather than take employment elsewhere I prefer to wait for the dawn of a



better day. I live in hopes of being able at some future time to return to the service of my first and only master, Echigo-no-Kami."

Chōhachi went home and told his wife what had occurred. The two agreed that, as they were now in a comparatively prosperous condition, it was incumbent on them to make a present of money to an old friend and benefactor who had been reduced to such abject poverty. To neglect to do this would be base ingratitude. The sum they fixed on as suitable to the occasion was twenty-five *ryō*; rather a large amount for a waste-paper buyer to provide, in fact, entirely too big a sum for Chōhachi to obtain in any ordinary way.

After consultation Chōhachi and his wife agreed that under the circumstances, painful as it might prove, it was their solemn duty to sell their daughter Kō. This they did, receiving the sum of twenty-five *ryō* for her.*

Shortly after, Chōhachi went one night to Bun-emon's house and with many apologies for the smallness of the sum, presented the twenty-five *ryō*.

"I appreciate fully the kind feelings evinced by the offer you make," said Bun-emon, "but I cannot think of accepting the gift. The help I gave you years ago was

* This was a very common practice in ancient Japan.

not afforded with the expectation of any return being made for the same.—I am not so poor but that, did occasion call for it, I could appear in the Shōgun's ranks all equipped for battle at a moment's notice. "Look here!" said he, producing a sword, a coat of armour and other weapons, which were all in good order, "I am not so poverty-stricken as my beggar's garb may seem to imply. I have no use for much money just now. What I receive as charity is ample to supply my few wants."

On Chōhachi's pressing the matter, Bun-emon grew angry, and said, "You know, Shindō, that having once said that he will not do a thing, no words of yours can make Ōhashi Bun-emon alter his mind. So please say no more about it."

Chōhachi, still continuing to press his acceptance of, if not the whole, at any rate a part, of the money, Bun-emon suddenly left the house, saying as he went, "Excuse me! I have some business that must be attended to at once."

Chōhachi took this opportunity of placing the money in the tobacco-box. Having done this, he forthwith left the house.

Bun-emon on his return discovered the money and was very much annoyed. "You," said he angrily to his wife, "woman-like, have been weak enough to allow this, *have you*. Why did you not return the money to Shindō

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before he left the house? It is said that people are no longer themselves when they become poor. So I suppose you have been tempted by poverty to act in this way. But I am extremely grieved that such a thing should have happened."

The wife replied that she had not discovered the money till after Shindō had left the house. Bun-emon wished to return the money at once, but as neither he nor his wife knew where Chōhachi lived, this was impossible.

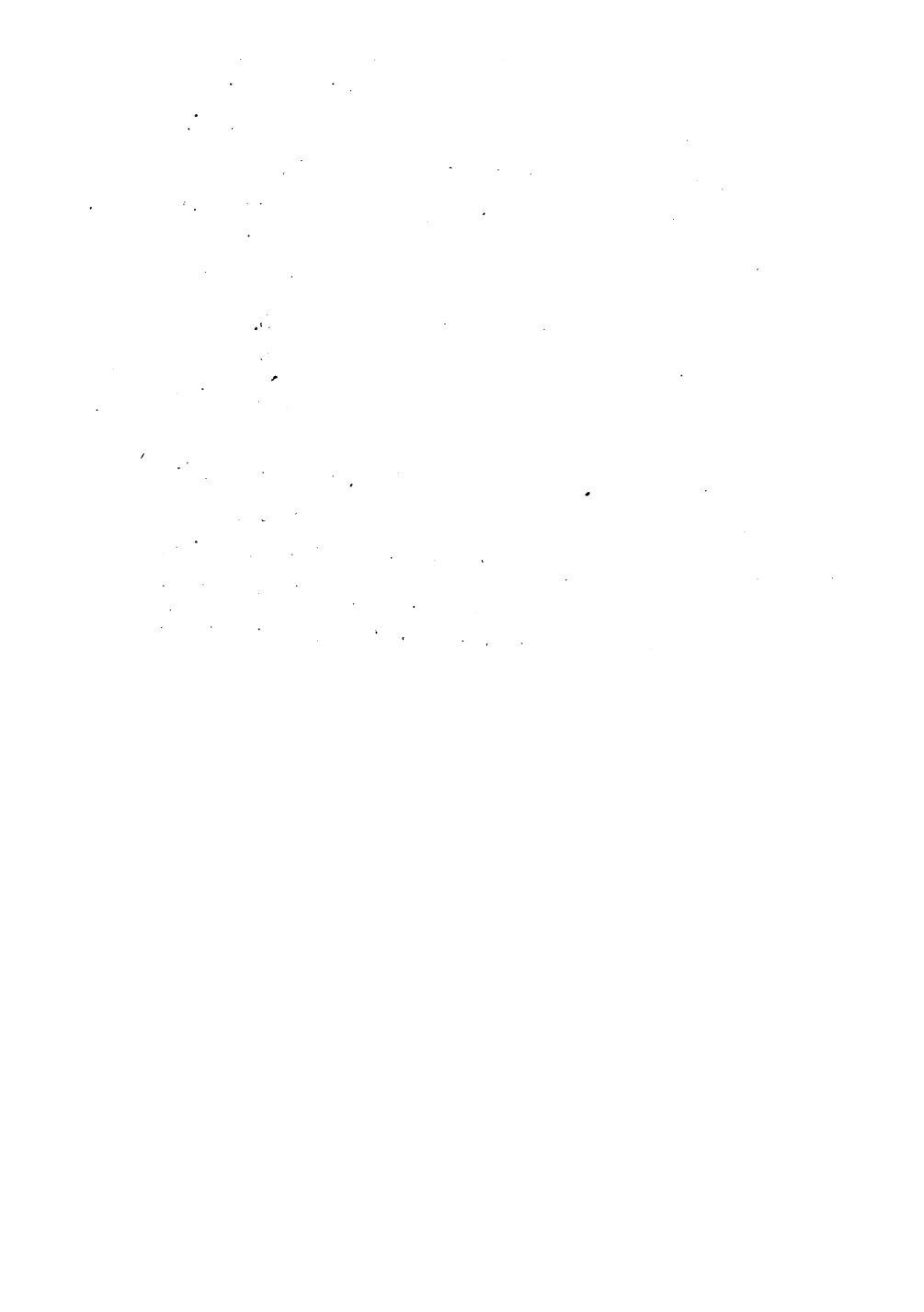
Bun-emon's wife, however, was a woman that had her wits about her; and, seeing that her husband was boiling over with rage at being left with the money on his hands, she addressed him as follows:—"That the money cannot be returned at once is very plain. That it is not well for us to keep so much money by us is no less plain. You have lately put one of your best swords into pawn. Suppose you redeem this sword by paying the sum borrowed out of this twenty-five *ryō*. After selling the sword you can make good this money again. By the time you have the money ready, Shindō will be paying us another visit, and will be only too pleased to hear that, failing to accept it as a gift, you have notwithstanding *made some temporary use of his money*. There is every *reason for your doing something of this kind*; as the

pawnbroker is constantly coming and saying that if we do not pay the money at once he will be obliged to sell the sword."

Bun-emon agreed to this plan ; and the next day he proceeded to the pawnbroker's shop. The said shop went by the name of the Aburaya and was kept by one—Gohei. The pawnbroker was absent, but his head-clerk, a man named—Kyūbei, of whom more anon, was at home ; and to him Bun-emon paid the sum of thirteen *ryō* fifty-six *sen* in redemption of his sword and other articles ; which articles he at once conveyed to his house in Yamazaki-chō.

On reaching his home, Bun-emon arrayed himself in his very best attire and went off to a rich baron's mansion to sell his sword.

Kyūbei, the pawnbroker's head-clerk, was extremely annoyed by the sudden arrival of Bun-emon at the shop for the purpose of redeeming the weapon. He knew that the sword was a very valuable one, and he thought that the money lent on it, though not a fourth of what the weapon was worth, was far too much for such a man as Bun-emon to pay back. So, up to the morning of its owner's arrival, he had looked upon the sword as belonging to his master, or rather as his own property ; for, to tell the truth, Kyūbei was a most dishonest servant and, having *carte-blanc* to do as he pleased in the business,



[illegible]

he took good care to give his master as few of its profits as possible. "By this redemption," he argued to himself, "I have lost certainly eighty, perhaps a hundred, *ryō*."

It is only with the worst of men that disappointment prompts to malicious action against the persons who have in some way been instrumental in bringing it about. Kyūbei, however, was such a man. So enraged was he by the loss of the sword that he at once determined to give vent to his chagrin by ruining the man who had robbed him of his spoil. Bun-emon's poverty would have shielded him from the attacks of most men occupying the position of Kyūbei. To wish to persecute the powerful and the rich, when for some reason or other they have excited hatred, is a feeling which is shared by a large number of human beings, but the cases are rare in which a man who is begging his bread becomes the object of a malicious attack, and especially when no result of the persecution can be looked for beyond the imprisonment or perhaps the death of the offender. But a life full of evil deeds had made the dastardly heart of Kyūbei capable of all this and of much besides, as will be seen later on.

No sooner had Bun-emon left the shop than Kyūbei resolved that he would accuse him of theft. Knowing that the greater the theft the more certain would be the *ruin of the* accused, and having determined that, to make

up for his disappointment in not getting the sword, he would relieve his master of the sum of money which Bun-emon was to be accused of thieving, Kyūbei fixed the amount at one hundred *ryō*. Of this sum Kyūbei took immediate possession, and set out the same afternoon for Bun-emon's house, to accuse him of having stolen the money when he came to the shop to redeem his property.

When Kyūbei reached Yamazaki-chō, Bun-emon had not returned from the baron's mansion, whither, as will be remembered, he had gone to sell his sword. Before entering Bun-emon's house, Kyūbei, anxious to pick up some little information whereon to found his accusation, chatted a little with the beggars who were lounging about near the entrance of the house, with most of whom his occupation had made him familiar. From them he learnt that Bun-emon had been seen going away that afternoon, decked out like a fine gentleman, and that people were wondering where he obtained the money to purchase such grand clothes, being only a beggar by profession.

"Just the kind of information I wanted," exclaimed Kyūbei. Entering Bun-emon's house, he forthwith accused him to his wife, Masa, of having stolen that very morning the sum of a hundred *ryō*, "And," said Kyūbei, "in my opinion, my master is not the only one who has been robbed by your husband; for it is not to be supposed that

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a man in Bun-emon's reduced circumstances could obtain in any honest way money enough to pay to a pawnbroker thirteen or fourteen *ryō* at one time, in addition to buying fine clothes in which to go swelling about the city like a grand gentleman whenever he takes it into his head to do so."

Masa, seeing at once that what had occurred might easily give rise to suspicion in the case of any one so poor as her husband, after indignantly denying the charge of theft, proceeded to relate to Kyūbei how it happened that Bun-emon was in the possession of so much money. "It was a gift", she said, "from a waste-paper buyer named Shindō Ichinojō."

Her story was no sooner finished than Kyūbei inquired where the donor of the twenty-five *ryō* lived.

"This, I am sorry to say, I cannot tell you," replied Masa.

"*There you are!*" exclaimed Kyūbei. "The idea of any man receiving money from a person whose place of residence he does not know! Moreover, the name of the person who, you say, gave your husband the money was never that of any waste-paper buyer in the world. Such a name as Shindō Ichinojō when applied to a grand gentleman sounds natural enough, but used of a waste-paper buyer, what does it sound like?—why, a fictitious name,—which I have no doubt it is."

To these retorts Masa replied with spirit and tact. But neither her arguments, her tears, nor her anger made any impression on Kyūbei. He still persisted in affirming that her husband was a thief and that he would have him sent to prison.

In the midst of this altercation Bun-emon returned. Kyūbei at once met him with the words:—"You are a thief!"

The day had been when the utterer of such words in Bun-emon's ears would have paid the price of them then and there with his life-blood. But Bun-emon had assumed the garb and was living the life of a beggar and, though as valiant a knight as ever brandished a sword, he was shrewd enough to know that the ignominious social position to which his reverses had driven him to descend demanded that the proud carriage and self-assertion of a great baron's retainer, in receipt of an income of five hundred *koku* a year, be exchanged for the humble mien and cringing manners of the beggar, in as far as this was possible. He therefore, with extraordinary self-restraint, quietly but earnestly denied the charge brought against him, and asked what Kyūbei meant by such an insolent accusation.

As we have already indicated, Kyūbei had set his mind on ruining the man who had come between him and *his gains*. Bun-emon's remonstrances and arguments there-

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fore were alike wasted on such a man. He treated them with undisguised contempt. The only answer he deigned to give to Bun-emon's remarks consisted of a repetition of the charge.

The clerk's rudeness became more and more unbearable—his insulting speeches more and more galling, till at last he called out with a loud voice, "Bun-emon! You are a big thief! You are an obnoxious fellow!"

Bun-emon could contain himself no longer. "Say that again," he retorted, "and you shall die on the spot."

Again the offensive epithets were repeated.

Bun-emon's rage knew no bounds. Springing up, he drew his sword and, rushing at Kyūbei, tried to cut him down; but the latter, accustomed to flight, was out of the door in an instant. Bounding away through the street, he set up a cry of, "*Murder! murder!*" Bun-emon followed him closely, but did not get near enough to reach him with his sword.

Alarmed by the cry, the people came flocking out of their houses to see what was the matter. The two men had not proceeded far before they encountered some watchmen* on their rounds, who saw at once what was

* The chief duty of watchmen in those days was the apprehension of thieves and incendiaries. The system of night and day watchmen which preceded the present police system in England corresponded to the ancient *constabulary* organization of Japan.

taking place, and tried to apprehend Bun-emon. But he was a powerful man, and though he had no inclination to use his sword against Government employees, he was annoyed by their interrupting him in his chase after Kyūbei, so, one after another, he tossed them from him, as though they were no heavier than feathers. But, assembling in force, they at last succeeded in binding him. He was taken off to the nearest guard-house, and it was decided that, pending inquiry into his case, he should be imprisoned.

His wife was allowed to remain in her house, but was placed under strict surveillance.



1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

and several other members of the family. The girl
was a very beautiful and intelligent young woman.

...and the ...

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

CHAPTER V.

WATCHED from morning to night and from night to morning, Masa could do nothing but lament that the twenty-five *ryō* which had led to all this misfortune should ever have been brought to the house. "Cruel fate seems to have set us up as a mark for its arrows!" she exclaimed. "When will Heaven be propitious to us? Misfortune upon misfortune seems to be our lot! From wealth to poverty; from poverty to disgrace, or, it may be, to an ignominious death! Such is our life!—But need I despair? Though we have lost everything besides, our integrity we retain. Could it but be known that we are upright; that no dishonesty has characterized our actions; that no meanness has tarnished the purity of our hearts; there would not be wanting men who would vindicate our cause, who would readily become the instruments of bringing about the triumph of right over wrong, of virtue over vice. A thought strikes me! The *Bugyō* of this city, Ō-oka Tadasuke, Echizen-no-Kami, has the reputation of being the most discerning judge who has ever presided over a court. It is said that no amount of artifice ever embarrasses him. In a moment he sees through the subterfuges of the wicked and brings the truth to light. *Could I but gain access to him, I am sure he would*

vindicate my husband's cause and punish this villain Kyūbei. But watched as I am, I fear there is little chance of my being able to do this. Yet I do not despair. Something may occur to throw my keepers off their guard; and then I will fly to the house of Echizen-no-Kami."

It was not long after these thoughts had been passing through Masa's mind that, on the twelfth of December, A D. 1719, a fire broke out in the neighbourhood of her house. Her guardians, who consisted of the landlord and the inmates of the *nagaya** in which she resided, were busily engaged in moving out their goods. "Heaven has granted my request!" exclaimed Masa, when she saw what was taking place. Speedily she seized the money which her husband had left behind and his two swords, and, strapping the box that contained his coat of armour to her back, she rushed out of the house.

The landlord saw her making her escape; and, running after her, exclaimed:—"The fire is not coming here. You need not run away. Come back! come back!"

* It was customary in these times for the landlord and inmates of houses to receive orders from the Government not to allow persons suspected of or implicated in crime to leave their dwellings. This custom proved beneficial: in that it made the landlords of houses careful as to the persons they received as tenants, and the tenants themselves on the look-out against such misdeemeanours in their neighbours' conduct as were calculated to bring trouble on all who resided near them.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, and the number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 1.5 billion in 1990 to 2.5 billion in 2020. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 1.5 billion in 1990 to 2.5 billion in 2020. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 1.5 billion in 1990 to 2.5 billion in 2020.

He soon overtook her and, laying hold of her clothes, was about to lead her back to the house. But she was a determined woman, and had made up her mind to die rather than be defeated in her purpose, so, drawing one of the swords that she bore, she brandished it right and left with such power and skill that her pursuer thought it was as much as his life was worth to approach her; and consequently allowed her to escape.

But the very casualty which made it possible for her to escape from the house in which she was confined now impeded her progress step by step. The streets were thronged with people who had come out to see the fire. Masa, jostled from side to side in the crowd and hindered by the weight and cumbersomeness of the box of armour which she carried on her back, despaired of ever getting to the residence of the *Bugyō*, when suddenly loud voices arrested her attention. "Make way! make way! make way for Ō-oka Echizen-no-Kami, the City *Bugyō*," shouted the Mayor's body-guard.

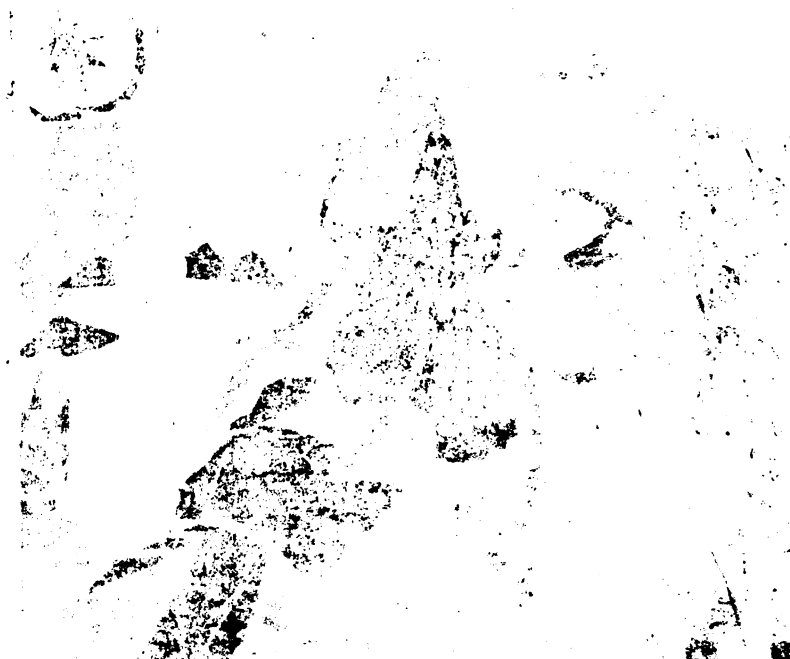
No words could have been more welcome to Masa at that moment. Just as she was despairing of being able to go to the house of the man who she was sure would prove her deliverer, he was actually on his way to her.

"*Now or never!*" she exclaimed; and, pushing with all her might, managed to reach the spot where the

130







popular Mayor and Chief Magistrate was proceeding on horseback to the seat of the fire.

Tadasuke had lately organized forty-eight fire-brigades; and, partly to see how the firemen worked, partly in his official capacity as the head of the police of those days,* he put in an appearance on this occasion.

Masa determined to make her request known to the *Bugyō* by some means or other. Hearing that he was a compassionate man who never turned a deaf ear to a cry of distress, she resolved that she would arrest his attention, even though it involved her acting somewhat rudely. With this intention, she strained every nerve to get near Tadasuke's horse, but was thrown to the ground by the pressure of the crowd. And there she lay on the road which the feet of the Mayor's horse were about to tread when this great Officer approached.

No better position could she have chosen, had it fallen to her lot to choose, for attracting the *Bugyō's* attention. The kindly feeling of that noble-hearted man was immediately stirred by the picture of helplessness and utter forlornness which Masa presented as she lay on the ground with the box on her back and the swords in her hands.

* At this time the *Bugyō*, in addition to their numerous municipal and judicial duties, used to perform the functions of the heads of police: functions now performed by the *Keisat-Sōkan*.

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"Help that woman, will you!" said the *Bugyō* to one of his retainers.

No sooner was Masa lifted from the ground by one of Tadasuke's followers than she seized the bridle reins of the *Bugyō's* horse and, despite the angry remonstrances of his attendants, refused to relax her hold. Looking up into the Mayor's benevolent countenance, she said:—"Please, my Lord, I have an important matter to speak about, which concerns my husband's life. I humbly beg your Honour to lend an ear to my tale."

"The woman is mad," said one of the attendants.

"Obstinate creature!" exclaimed another.

"Drag her away!" added a third.

"Let there be no rough handling of this woman," commanded the *Bugyō*. "There is something important connected with her husband which she wishes to relate to me. This I am willing to hear; but as nothing can be done in this hubbub, let her be placed in charge of the nearest *narashi** till I send for her."

Directly the fire was over, Tadasuke went in person to the place to which Masa had been sent—a practice of which he was very fond; for there was no one more given to breaking through the conventionalities of official life than he. "Your request that I would lend

* The head of a city-ward or a village, now called a *Kochō* or *Sonchō*.

an ear to your tale is granted," said the *Bugyō* to Masa.
"I have now come to hear it."

After expressing her gratitude for his condescension, Masa related the tale of her many misfortunes to the *Bugyō*.

At its close he asked why she carried such a heavy box about with her.

"This," she said, "contains my husband's armour."

Tadasuke ordered the box to be opened. On being informed that it was locked, and that Masa did not know what had become of the key, Tadasuke told his retainers to call a locksmith to open the box.

"Why call a locksmith?" asked one of his followers.
"Why not break open the box?"

"Nothing of the kind shall be done," said Tadasuke.
"My being one of the City *Bugyō** does not give me the right to injure another person's property."

The locksmith was called and the box was opened. It was found to contain a fine coat of armour and beneath it a small paper parcel: this last immediately caught the *Bugyō*'s eyes. The package was sealed at each fold of the paper to prevent any but its owner from opening it, and on the outside the following words were inscribed:—
"*Money carried by Ōhashi Bun-emon† Minamoto-no-Kiyozumi to the battle of Sekigahara, in the fifth year of Keichō.*"‡

* *Vide supra*, page 71, foot-note.

† The grandfather of the man mentioned in this tale.

‡ A.D. 1600.



On the paper being opened, it was found to enclose gold coins* to the value of one hundred *ryō*.

It was customary in those days for soldiers to carry money with them to the field of battle. This money was designed to serve for funeral expenses, if they were killed; for doctor's bills, if they were wounded, or to cover personal expenses during a long campaign. In feudal times each soldier of any rank bore his own expenses in time of war. This was the condition on which he received grants of land from his lord.

To return to our story, Tadasuke was immensely pleased to be in possession of the fact which the contents of the box had revealed. He was a man who was always on the look-out for the display of virtue in the lives of the poor and the persecuted, and posterity is indebted to him for bringing to light hundreds of noble actions which but for his painstaking investigations would have been consigned to lasting oblivion. "Here," said the *Bugyō*, "is a case of a man who, notwithstanding his extreme poverty, forbore to spend the money which was bequeathed to him by his ancestors. He kept it for some occasion when his services might be required in defence of the *Shōgun*." Then, after looking well at the swords, Tadasuke

* *Koban*; a coin equal to four *bu*. The sum mentioned would be the equivalent of about 500 *yen* at the present day.

continued :—"These swords are not the swords of an ordinary soldier. Bun-emon is doubtless a knight of wide renown. Would such a man thief?—*Never!*" Turning to Masa, he said, "Your case shall have my attention at once."

Tadasuke lost no time in summoning the parties concerned. Among them the first persons examined were the pawnbroker Gohei, and Kyūbei, his clerk.

The first question the *Bugyō* put to Gohei was :—"For what time precisely do you lend money on security?"

"In accordance with your Honour's august decision*, for eight months;" replied Gohei.

"If this be so, why was Bun-emon informed that after the fifth month, in case his goods were not redeemed, they would be forfeited?"

"I have not the least idea;" replied Gohei.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the *Bugyō*. "Fancy a pawnbroker ignorant of his own business!"

"The arrangement of such details as your Honour is inquiring about, I intrust to Kyūbei," replied the pawnbroker, "and therefore I beg that your Honour will examine him in reference to them."

* This referred to a regulation which had been recently issued bearing on loans.

On being questioned about the matter, Kyūbei said, "It is true that eight months is the fixed time, but at Bun-emon's request I made it five."

"Well there are fools in the world, indeed!" observed Tadasuke, laughing. "Who would have thought that such a man as Bun-emon could be found? While allowed to keep the money for eight months, if convenient to do so—to bid himself to return it in five! A rare man this Bun-emon!—Well, we will take it for granted that such a man really exists, and suppose that what happened was just what you represent. The next question I have to put has reference to the hundred *ryō*. What proof have you that Bun-emon took the money?"

"The proof I have is this;" replied Kyūbei; "the day before the sword and the other articles were redeemed, Bun-emon came to our shop and begged me to be lenient with him. It was on this night that the money was found missing. The next morning Bun-emon brought the thirteen *ryō* and redeemed his property. Now it is not to be supposed that in one night a beggar such as he could by any fair means procure such a sum of money.* When

* It will be observed that in several particulars the account of what occurred given here differs from that given some pages back. The most natural way of explaining the discrepancy is to suppose that Kyūbei altered his tale when under examination to make it sound more plausible. Nothing *said in the early account* about Bun-emon's having gone to the shop the day previous to that on which the redemption of the articles took place.

I inquired where he had obtained the money, his answers were all most evasive, and I could get no satisfactory information out of him. I told him that I would let him off the thirteen *ryō* if he would return the hundred which he had taken, but he refused to do it. In fact he was so angry with me for accusing him of the theft that he tried to kill me."

Here Tadasuke cast a scrutinizing glance at Kyūbei. The marks of tattooing which were visible on one side of his head close to the temple did not escape the Magistrate's keen eyes. This combined with several unprepossessing features of Kyūbei's face were, pretty sure indications to one so versed in human physiognomy as Tadasuke that Kyūbei was not the man he pretended to be. His bare-facedness seemed to the Chief Magistrate to be like that of one whose heart had been hardened by a life of crime.

"Your answers become more and more unsatisfactory," observed Tadasuke. "As the thirteen *ryō* were due to your master, and not to you, what right had you to exonerate Bun-emon from payment?"

To this no answer was given.

"Have you any proof," continued Tadasuke, "that the thirteen *ryō* paid to you consisted of coins taken from the hundred *ryō* which you say were stolen? Did you



place any mark on the coins of which the hundred *ryō* consisted by which you might know them again?"

"I did not;" replied Kyūbei.

"Then your assertions are all without an iota of proof," said the *Bugyō*; "and more than this, you appear to be a rogue yourself. You evidently have not dealt honestly with your master's property." Then, turning to Gohei, he added:—"Gohei, see that this man does not leave your premises. You are responsible for his re-appearance at Court."

Orders were given to the city authorities to take care that Kyūbei did not make his escape.

Bun-emon was now called and closely examined. After minutely questioning him in reference to everything which had taken place, the *Bugyō* said:—"Bun-emon, there is not one particular in which your account differs from that given by your wife Masa."

The *Bugyō* was thoroughly convinced that Bun-emon was not the thief. But he thought it best not to set him at liberty till the real criminal was discovered. "I am sorry," he said to Bun-emon, "that I have to send one who has acted as you have back to prison. But the law leaves me no alternative."

The next step Tadasuke took was to endeavour to find out who was the donor of the twenty-five *ryō*.

With this object, he sent orders to those heads of the city wards whom it concerned, to the effect that all the waste-paper buyers residing in Bakurō-chō, Yokoyama-chō and the vicinity of Ryōkoku-bashi were to appear at Court on a certain day.

The waste-paper buyers, all in a great state of alarm as to what had occurred, on the appointed day made their appearance at Court. Bun-emon was directed to scan them narrowly, to see whether Shindō Ichinojō was among them.

A look of bitter disappointment came over the face of the brave knight as he finished scrutinizing the men before him. "Alas!" he sighed, "it seems as though fortune was never going to smile on Bun-emon again." A tear was seen to steal down his cheek as he said:—"I am sorry, sir,—but Shindō Ichinojō is not among the men whom you have been good enough to summon."

"I am sorry too," replied the Judge; "but I will try other means of eliciting the truth."

The reason of the non-appearance of Chōhachi was that, having some business in Marugame connected with a younger brother of his who had taken up his residence there, and being anxious to see his old friend and benefactor Hanshirō, he had gone to Marugame some time *before the summons was issued to the waste-paper buyers.*



Chōhachi spent some days in conversing with Hanshirō. Hanshirō decided that he had lived long enough in comparative obscurity, and that he would do well to go to Edo and set up a fencing-school there. So, entrusting his Marugame fencing-school to one of his pupils and bidding farewell to his friends, in company with Chōhachi, he set out for the Shōgun's capital.

On their arrival at Chōhachi's house in Bakurōchō, his wife exclaimed:—"I *am* glad you have come. I did not know how to wait for your return. There has been no end of fuss here! In the beginning of December it was reported that a *samurai* residing in Shitaya had been accused of theft and arrested; and some days after, all the waste-paper buyers of this neighbourhood were summoned by the *Bugyō* to appear at Court. I am very much afraid that the money we gave to Bun-emon has been the cause of all this trouble. But, not knowing Bun-emon's address, I could not inquire into the matter."

The next morning Chōhachi held an interview with Masa and, after learning from her what had happened, promised to appear at Court as a witness and vindicate her husband's honesty.

Chōhachi now lost no time in conferring with Chōbei and Hanshirō as to the steps it was necessary for them to take to prove Bun-emon's honesty and to bring Kyūbei

to justice. Chōbei was for writing a polite letter to the *Bugyō*, stating just how things stood and offering to give information on the case. But Hanshirō, on hearing how Kyūbei had acted and that as yet he had not been punished for his misdemeanours, proposed that he should go to the pawnbroker's, and, taking the law into his own hands, should administer some wholesome reproof in the form of heavy blows on the back of the offender, previous to their reporting Chōhachi's arrival to the authorities. In order to carry this out, he induced Chōhachi and Chōbei to show him the way to the pawnbroker's shop.

"Do you go and confer with him first," said Hanshirō, "and if he is troublesome, call me."

This they did; Hanshirō waiting very impatiently outside, till at last, being summoned, he dashed into the house, and before Kyūbei, who was a great coward, could make his escape, seized him and tumbled him about like a nine-pin, cuffing him with his hands and knocking his head against the floor. "An outrageous villain of a clerk, indeed!—stealing your master's things, and, not content with this, imputing your crimes to others!—Do you think you are going to be let off?—Not a bit of it."

"Please, Sir Knight, forgive me! please forgive me!" cried the clerk. "I will do anything you bid. Please spare me! I will tell the truth! Really I will!"

"See that you do then," replied Hanshirō. "If you don't, you know what to expect."

The three men returned to Bakurō-chō, and at once sent in a request to the authorities that they might be called as witnesses in Bun-emon's case.

The next day orders were received from the *Bugyō* summoning every person residing in Gohei's house, with the exception of Kyūbei, to the Court.

On their appearing, a young man named Jūsuke was the first to be examined. He stated that he was twenty-one years of age, and had been in the service of Gohei for the space of ten years.

"You are a persevering young fellow to remain in one place so long," remarked the *Bugyō*. "Has any one been dismissed from Gohei's service within the past few years?"

"Yes;" replied Jūsuke, "a friend of mine, one Tōsuke, was dismissed last June, on account of his suffering from eye-disease."

"What is Tōsuke doing now? How is he situated? Has he parents living? Is he married?"

"He is not doing anything to maintain himself. He is a single man, residing with his sister; and has no parents living."

"How old is his sister?"

"About eighteen."

"How do they manage to live? Does any one supply them with money?"

"That I do not know."

"I suppose you are in the habit of paying visits to inquire after Tōsuke's health from time to time? Tell the truth, if you please, and hide nothing."

"I do not pay such visits."

The *Bugyō*, now turning to Gohei, said:—"As Tōsuke is an old servant of yours, I dare say you visit him sometimes?"

"No;" replied the pawnbroker, "I do not go myself, but I think Kyūbei often goes."

"Very good;" replied the *Bugyō*, making a note of the answer given by Gohei. "Now you may all go with the exception of this little boy," pointing to a small boy called Sankichi, aged ten years, who was employed by Gohei, and had come to the Court with the other members of the household.

The boy was very much alarmed by being detained in this way, and commenced to set up a bellowing in the Court House.

"Come, come!" said the *Bugyō*. "There is nothing to be afraid of. Here, look! I have a *manjū** for you.

* A cake, made of wheat-flour, sweetened with sugar, and having mashed beans in the centre.



Don't be shy. Eat it, that's a good boy! I have kept it for you specially, because you are such a clever little fellow."

When Sankichi had finished eating one of the cakes, Tadasuke gave him another, and then allowed him to play about a little in the Court House, until the child felt quite at home with the officer he had dreaded so much. After praising him a little more, the *Bugyō* commenced:—"Now, there are some matters about which I wish to ask you. Be sure you tell me the truth about everything; if you don't I will not send you back to your parents, nor shall you go to the Aburaya any more. Now you very often go to Tōsuke's house in company with Kyūbei, eh? You see how well we officers know what you do!"

"To be sure I do," said the boy. "How does the honourable *Bugyō* get to know about such things, I wonder? Well, I like to go to Tōsuke's house with Kyūbei, because Kyūbei always has a smiling face when he goes to Tōsuke's, whereas when at the pawnbroker's he is often very cross."

"Ah, to be sure, that is very natural," observed Tadasuke.

Tadasuke thought there was little doubt that Kyūbei had made the inmates of this house his confidants and that the money stolen was intrusted to their care. So, *his object being* to find out exactly where the house was

situated without its getting to the knowledge of Kyūbei that he was on the scent, he continued in the same strain of pretended omniscience:—"In going to Tōsuke's house, you go-away-up there." Here the *Bugyō* made a motion with his head in a way that to a sharp adult would have appeared to be very indefinite, but which to the unsuspecting and admiring mind of the child seemed to indicate that the place was well known to the speaker. He then continued, "You then turn and go to a back house."

"Exactly," exclaimed Sankichi. "It is behind a fruiterer's house, and to the left of a large well."

"To be sure!" replied the *Bugyō*; "and a little further on than the well, eh?"

"It is! it is! Well, I never would have thought it! if the honourable *Bugyō* does not know everything!"

"You are a clever boy!" replied the *Bugyō*. "Now you may go home. But, look here! You are not to say a word about anything that you have mentioned to me. Remember that now!—If you say anything, I shall be sure to hear of it. For the *Bugyō* knows everything, you see!"

"I will not say anything about it, sir"; replied the lad, and forthwith returned to the pawnbroker's house.

After Sankichi had been in the house some little time, Kyūbei came to him and asked:—"Why did the *Bugyō* keep you back? What did he say to you?"

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Sankichi remained quite silent.

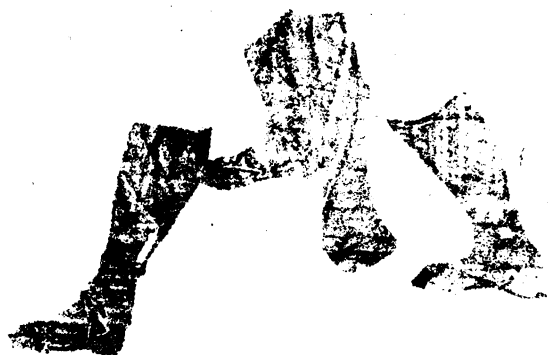
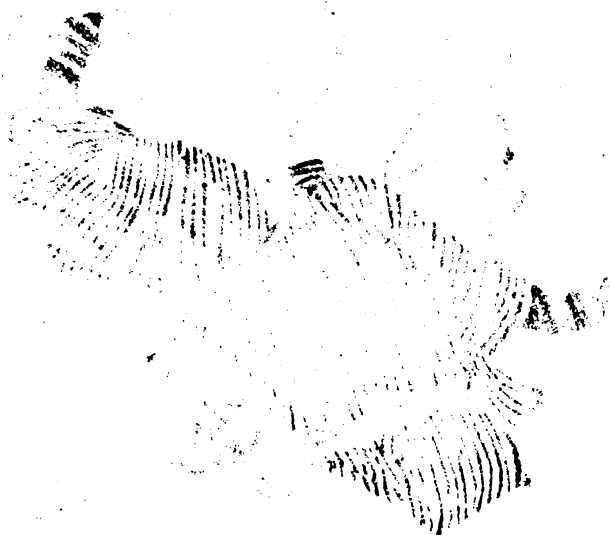
Whereupon Kyūbei angrily put the same question to him again. But not a word did the wary lad utter, thinking that Echizen-no-Kami might be listening somewhere, as he seemed to know everything.

Kyūbei's suspicions were now thoroughly aroused. "Things are beginning to look ugly," he muttered to himself. "This lad evidently knows something that he will not reveal, and Hanshirō too is a man who is not to be deceived. I had better think about absconding, or I shall find that it is too late to do so. But if it comes to this, I may as well carry off a little more than I have already appropriated; as the saying is:—'If you eat poison lick the plate.'^{*} I will secure all I can and be off."

So that night Kyūbei stole into the pawnbroker's shop and, taking all the most valuable things he could find, made them up into a parcel; and then, going to the place where the money was kept, he quietly took possession of the moderate sum of three hundred and fifty *ryō* (equal to over fifteen hundred *yen* at the present day), and, after girding on a sword (one of the best that was in pawn), was just making his escape when, in one of the verandas of the house, he encountered his master's only son, a young man,

^{*} "Tis as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb," conveys the same idea. The original is, *Doku wo kurawaba, sara made namero.*

146^u









then about twenty years of age, who was somewhat demented. "Ah, Kyūbei!" exclaimed the son in a loud voice. "Where are you off for at this time of night?"

"The devil take it!" ejaculated Kyūbei to himself. "I shall be discovered through this fool! *There*—die; you idiot!" he muttered between his teeth, as thrusting his sword into the young man's mouth, he killed him on the spot.

Pushing the murdered man's body under the veranda, Kyūbei made his way out of the house as rapidly as possible. But there happened to be a watchman passing at the time, who just caught a glimpse of him as he glided out of the door. The whole thing was so rapid that Kyūbei thought it was hardly possible that the watchman could have seen him. So, instead of running away, he crouched down behind a water-tank, where he hoped to conceal himself till the man had passed. But the watchman's suspicions were aroused and, summoning several of his companions, he walked up to the spot where Kyūbei was secreted and arrested him on suspicion.

Ever ready with his tongue, Kyūbei tried to induce the men to release him. But on his clothes being examined, they were found to be covered with blood, and so deception became an impossibility. The inmates of the house were aroused, the murdered man was found, and the incident was at once reported to Ō-oka Tadasuke.

Kyūbei had now forfeited his life by this last criminal act. Nevertheless Tadasuke was anxious to induce him to confess that he was the perpetrator of the crime which he had imputed to Bun-emon but of which overwhelming evidence went to show that he himself was the author.

The state of the law in Japan in those days was very peculiar. However conclusive the evidence to show that a certain person had committed a crime might be, unless that person confessed his guilt orally and was prepared to set his seal to the confession when written out, no punishment could be assigned. This regulation proved to be one of the most powerful inducements to a judge to make use of torture. The work of a judge, with the law in the state it then was, whenever an obstinate criminal was under trial, became most tedious. In order to expedite matters, recourse was had to torture. With Echizen-no-Kami, however, torture was one of the last resorts. He first tried every other means imaginable to elicit from criminals a confession of their guilt. And he was usually successful. The lengthy questioning, the heaping of evidence on evidence to which Tadasuke resorted in the present case to induce the criminal to confess his guilt, would occupy too much space if reproduced in full here, though as a proof of the wonderful perseverance and *ingenuity* of the judge they are well worth careful examination in detail. I shall content myself with just stating

the outlines of the process adopted by the *Bugyō*, not to convict Kyūbei of crime, for that was a comparatively easy matter, but to induce him to confess his guilt.

It must not be forgotten that Kyūbei's case was a very peculiar and an extremely difficult one. The prisoner was a doomed man. No power on earth could rescue him from death. Seeing that die he must, there seemed no reason why he should be expected to gratify the authorities by giving evidence in Bun-emon's case. But more than this, there still lurked in his heart the most deadly enmity to Bun-emon. And the knowledge that his enemy was likely to perish by the hand of the law, was the only solace which his heart, in the depth of its depravity, was capable of appreciating, and therefore the only solace for which he longed. If he could only feel that he was not to perish alone, but that Bun-emon would follow or precede him to the land of shades, he would die contented, if not happy. Tadasuke thoroughly understood all this and effectually counterbalanced it.

After the disclosure of Kyūbei's latest crime, the first persons examined in reference to Bun-emon's case were Chōbei and Chōhachi; the next Tōsuke and his sister Tami; and the last Hanshirō.

In the course of the examination of Hanshirō it came to light that Kyūbei was no other than the robber whom



Hanshirō encountered on the road to Marugame and who was subsequently tattooed by the guests at the hotel nearly twenty years previously.

Kyūbei stood in mortal fear of Hanshirō. Hanshiro's piercing eye, knowing looks, and huge physical development were things of which the criminal had the most unpleasant recollections and before which he quailed with instinctive dread. So, though the *Bugyō* heaped argument on argument to prove to Kyūbei that it was useless for him to try and hide his crime, it was not till Hanshirō came to address him that he began to relent. The *Bugyō*, seeing the way in which Kyūbei shrank from Hanshirō, gave the latter full power to deal with him. And so it happened that partly by threats, partly by appeals to such sparks of virtuous or manly feeling as remained unquenched in a heart so totally depraved, Hanshirō induced the prisoner to confess that he stole the one hundred *ryō* and to place his thumb on the written confession of his guilt.

The judgment delivered as given in the *Ō-oka Meiyo Seidan* reads as follows:—

(1)—“Gohei, the landlord of the Aburaya, you, having, though unwittingly, harboured a thief in your house, are to be blamed, and might be punished severely. Treating you leniently, however, I decree that you pay one hundred *ryō* to Bun-emon.

(2)—“Tōsuke, you, in addition to giving shelter to a robber, having made use of money that was obtained unlawfully, also merit heavy punishment. But, on account of your blindness, I take pity on you, and do no more than require you to pay a fine of seven *kwammon*.*

(3)—“Tami,† you, for maintaining your brother when he was nearly blind, are to be commended. For this you are to receive the sum of five *kwammon*.

(4)—“Musashiya Chōbei and Gotō Hanshirō, you have rendered great assistance to Shindō Ichinojō and various other persons. These actions of yours are worthy of the highest praise. As a remuneration for the same, I award ten silver *ryō* to each of you.

(5)—“Chōhachi, your remembrance of the kindness you received from Bun-emon even after the lapse of years, was most commendable. For this I award to you the sum of five *kwammon*.

(6)—“Kō, the daughter of Chōhachi, you were obedient to your parents. In consideration of this, the sum of five silver *ryō* is awarded to you.

(7)—“Kyūbei, you, having stolen your master's money, and, afterwards, having imputed the crime to Bun-emon; and having subsequently been guilty of murder and theft,

* Seventy cents then, the equivalent of five or six times that amount now.

† Tōsuke's sister.

in addition to committing various other crimes previous to the forementioned ones, are condemned to be exhibited throughout the streets of Edo and then to be crucified at Asakusa.

(8)—“ Ōhashi Bun-emon, you are declared guiltless. You are to receive the sum of one hundred *ryō* from Gohei, twenty-five of which is to be expended in repurchasing the daughter of Shindō Ichinojō.”

The above verdict is a curiosity regarded from a modern point of view. The rewarding of virtue as well as the punishment of vice was one of the functions of a Court of Justice under the Tokugawa *régime*. There is a queer mixture of law and sentiment in these judgments. They reflect very distinctly the spirit, the morality, and the social customs of the age in which they were passed.

The practice of selling daughters to a life of shame whenever money was needed for some special emergency is publicly praised by Tadasuke; and Kō is commended and rewarded for having bowed to one of the most degrading of practices, though the probabilities are that she had no choice in the matter.*

* It is stated in the account given of this case in the *Ō-oka Meiyo Seidan* that Tadasuke advised that in making proposals to her owner for the repurchasing of Chōhachi's daughter a conciliatory tone should be adopted. This remark shows that the law of those days was powerless to compel a brothel keeper to restore a girl to her parents or guardians.

There is something romantic about Bun-emon's having awarded to him the very sum which he was accused of stealing.

Now, to bring my story to a close, I am pleased to be able to state that the events recorded above reached the ears of Echigo-no-Kami, Bun-emon's former lord, and that he was so impressed by what he heard of Bun-emon's conduct on this occasion that he decided to reinstall him in his former position and grant him an income of five hundred *koku* a year.*

The conduct of Hanshirō was reported to the Shōgun, Tokugawa Yoshimune, who was so pleased with it that he ordered Hanshirō to be summoned to his presence. When he arrived, the Shōgun set him to fence with the chief swordsmen of his Court, and on his defeating eighteen noted fencers in succession, he created him a *hatamoto*,† and granted him an income of two hundred *koku* a year; which was subsequently increased to five hundred.

Thus ends a story in which human nature is displayed in a variety of aspects, its bright and its dark side, its nobleness and its baseness forming strong contrasts to each

* Equal to an income of 3,000 *yen* at the present time.

† A name given to the Shōgun's immediate vassals, knight-banneret is the nearest English equivalent to *hatamoto*, though the duties of the latter differed considerably from those of the former.

other in the lives and the characters of the principal actors and actresses who have appeared on the stage.

The curtain drops : but to rise again and reveal other scenes and new performers in the drama of old Japan.



APPENDIX.

The following authentic stories give a very good idea of the wonderful ingenuity exercised by Ō-oka Tadasuke in discovering crime or in extorting confessions of guilt from those who were brought before him for trial.

I.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was among the men-servants of Oyamada Shōzaemon a man called Naosuke.

This Naosuke, late one night, crept into the room where his master slept and killed him, his wife and three children with a sword. He was not able to get the money he wished to take, however, owing to the arrival of some neighbours on the scene.

Naosuke escaped and, after knocking out two of his front teeth and disfiguring his face and arms, he changed his name to Gombei, and obtained employment in a rice shop in Kōjimachi, Edo, the owner of which was one Sanzaemon.

Five or six years after the murder it was suspected that Gombei, though so much altered, was the author of



the crime. So he was arrested on suspicion. The officers who examined him were convinced that Gombei was the murderer, but they could get no satisfactory evidence wherewith to convict him; so they applied to Tadasuke, asking him to help them in some way to find out the truth.

Tadasuke summoned Gombei to his presence; and on his appearance, addressed him as follows:—"For an innocent man like you to be accused of murder by Government officials, is most lamentable. Having been tortured so much, you will find great difficulty in using your limbs for some time. Here, take this." Thus saying, Tadasuke gave Gombei five *ryō*, and told him to do the best he could with them. Gombei was overcome with delight, making sure that his life was safe. When his spirits were at their height, and he was entirely off his guard, Tadasuke called out suddenly, "Naosuke!"

Gombei turned and answered, "Yes." Tadasuke instantly commanded his attendants to seize him: which they did, just as he was trying to steal away.

Gombei found it impossible to hide his crime any longer. His having unwittingly answered to the name of Naosuke, was, he knew, sufficient to prove his identity; so, seeing there was no way of escape, he confessed his guilt, and was condemned to be crucified.

II.

It happened once that a robber who would not confess his guilt was brought before Ō-oka Tadasuke. He was asked to try and devise some means of inducing him to confess. Tadasuke had a large box brought into the Court House, and gave orders that the thief's wife should be placed in the box before his eyes. Then he had the box removed to an adjoining room, and caused an officer to be put into it in the wife's stead.

When the arrangements were complete, the box was again brought into the Court House, and Tadasuke addressed the robber as follows :—"As you refuse without punishment of some sort to confess the crime that we are sure you have committed, instead of administering to you the usual torture, I decree that you carry your wife once around the town." The man put the box on his back and set off around the town. When he reached an unfrequented spot, where he thought that no one would hear him, he exclaimed :—"I say, wife, crime is a thing that ought not to be committed. What trouble it brings us into!"

Here the officer sprang out of the box, and uttering the words, "*Go jōi*," as is usual in the case of an arrest, took the man into custody. Having thus committed himself, the thief was no longer able to conceal his *crime*.





III.

When Tadasuke was one of the mayors of Edo, in that part of the Kanda district known as Otamagaike a man called Hachibei kept a shop in one of the back streets, where he sold all kinds of old metal pots.

Hachibei, by dint of much effort, had realized the sum of fifty *ryō* by his trade. Not knowing of any better place in which to put this money, he concealed it in his pickle-jar. He was living in what is called a *nagaya*; which consists of one long building divided up into different parts to suit the convenience of the poor tenants who inhabit it. As a large number of people were residing in this building, some one soon discovered that the money was concealed in the pickle-jar. And the discovery was no sooner made than the money was stolen.

One day, when Hachibei went to see whether his money was all right, what was his astonishment to find it gone! The poor man was in the greatest distress. This blow seemed to break his heart. He went to the owner of the building and told him what had happened. The landlord was very sorry, but said that he did not know what to do. He advised Hachibei to have another look for the money as it might be in the jar after all. Hachibei said *that further search would be useless, and that he thought the matter ought to be carried into Court at once.*

"Of course the matter should be reported," said the landlord, "but how it can be carried into Court I do not know. What case can be made out of it? Who are you going to accuse?" Hachibei pleaded hard; saying that if this money were not recovered, he would not know how to go on with his business. So, to satisfy him, the landlord requested Ō-oka Tadasuke to institute an inquiry into the matter.

After hearing the case, Tadasuke said to Hachibei:—"Your idea of putting the money into the pickle-jar was a good one, and had you not kept going to the jar to see if it was safe, doubtless no one would have discovered it was there. But your constantly going to the jar created suspicion, and led to its being stolen. Have you any remembrance of anybody's seeing you take it out of the jar?"

I have no remembrance of any one's seeing me do it," replied Hachibei. "But I think that the person who stole it must be some one who resides in the same building with me, for it is not likely that a stranger would look for anything valuable in a pickle-jar."

"*There* you are right;" said the Magistrate, "and it is very annoying that a person like yourself who has after much trouble succeeded in making fifty *ryō* should ~~lose it~~ *in this way.*"

Here the landlord stepped forward, and said :—"If you please, my Lord, this man is in a very distressed state owing to the loss of his money. He talks about killing himself. What to do with him I do not know. I humbly and respectfully beg that your Excellency will do him the favour of looking into the matter."

"You may go for the present. I shall send for you again," replied Tadasuke.

Two or three days after, a letter reached Hachibei commanding him to appear before Tadasuke. It was also added that every person in the *nagaya* in which Hachibei lived, man, woman, or child, was to appear at Court.

On the day appointed, the people who occupied the same building, one and all, made their appearance. Tadasuke opened the inquiry by stating what had occurred. "Hachibei," said he, "a seller of old metal, some little time ago took some money which belonged to him and, putting it into a linen bag, concealed it in a pickle-jar. This money has been removed from the jar by some one or other. Although people might be inclined to call this a theft, I have little doubt that its removal was not a premeditated act, but that somebody who was going to the pickle-jar came across the money accidentally, and suddenly, *before* he knew what he was about, was overcome by a *desire* to carry it off. Very likely the man or woman

who took it went to the jar intending to take a few pickles and, seeing the money, carried it off. Anyhow the person who took the money must have put his or her hand into the pickle-jar. And doubtless the smell of pickles, associated as it is in this case with the removal of the money, will still remain on that person's hand. By going round to each one of you and smelling your hands, then, I shall discover who has taken the money. But before I do this, there is one thing I wish to say, which is this: If the person who has taken the money waits till I come and discover him or her, that person's crime will be considered to be a great one; but if the guilty party comes forward and confesses what he or she has done at once, I shall deal leniently with that person."

Here Tadasuke put on a severe and somewhat angry face, and prepared to rise. Just at this juncture a man in one of the back seats smelt his fingers.

Whereupon Tadasuke exclaimed:—"How wonderful it is that a man who is conscious of having done wrong should carry the smell of his misdemeanor in his fingers! Though some days have elapsed since the deed which defiled the heart was perpetrated, that smell evidently adheres to the hand of him who committed it! There is no need to inquire into the matter any further."

Here, pointing to the man who had smelt his fingers, "You," said the Magistrate, "have taken the money."



The man, feeling that after his unconscious act had revealed the truth it was useless to seek to hide it any longer, confessed that he was the offender and begged for forgiveness.

This tale, says the narrator, well illustrates the truth of the saying, "What is within the heart is sure to make itself known by some outward act." *Unconscious* acts often reveal *conscious* guilt.

IV.

Some two centuries ago it happened that a woman who was acting as a servant in the house of a certain baron had a little girl born to her which she found it difficult to attend to properly while in service; so she put it out to nurse in a neighbouring village, and paid a fixed sum *per mensem* for its maintenance.

When the child reached the age of ten, the mother having finished her term of service, left the Baron's mansion. Being now her own mistress, and naturally wishing to have her child with her, she informed the woman who was taking charge of it of her wish. The woman was reluctant to part with the child. She was a very intelligent little girl, and the foster-mother thought that she might get some money by hiring her out to work. So she *informed* the mother that she did not wish to part with *her*. This of course soon led to a quarrel. The disputants

went to law about it, and the case came up before Tadasuke.

The woman to whom the child had been intrusted actually asserted that it was her own offspring, and that the child's mother had no right to it whatever. Tadasuke saw at once that the dispute was one which could be settled in no ordinary way, so he commanded the two women to place the child between them and one to take hold of its right hand and the other of its left, and each to pull with all her might. "The one who conquers," said the *Bugyō*, "shall be declared the mother of the child."

The real mother disliked immensely this mode of settling the dispute; therefore, though she took hold of the child's hand, as she was bidden, fearing that the girl would be hurt by violent pulling on both sides, she slackened her hold directly the foster-mother began to pull, and allowed the latter to get an easy victory.

"There!" said the foster-mother, "the child, you see, is mine."

Here Tadasuke with a loud voice interposed:—"You are a deceiver. The real mother of the child, fearing that it would be hurt by the dragging, intentionally relaxed her grasp on its hand. But you, who are in no way *attached to the child by nature, thought only of over-*


coming your adversary, and cared nothing for the feelings of the girl." Tadasuke then commanded the foster-mother to be bound. She, thinking that she would be tortured if she remained silent, immediately confessed that she had been attempting to deceive them and asked for pardon.

The people who were present said, "This judgment is founded on a principle of human nature." The principle referred to is that of parental affection. The absence of this in the one woman and the presence of it in the other enabled the Judge to discover who was the real parent.

It is on account of this story that Tadasuke has been called, "The Japanese Solomon."

Ⅴ.

In his *Monji-no-Shirube* Mr. B. H. Chamberlain relates at considerable length a famous case tried by Ō-oka Tadasuke called *Yubi Te-jō-no-ken*, "The Case of the Man Whose Thumbs were Tied." It turned on a loan of 300 *ryō*, alleged to have been made to one Hachirobei by a nun called Chikō. Hachirobei denied that he had borrowed the money. Enraged by his perfidy, the old lady set fire to his house. The case came before Tadasuke and after lengthy inquiry, he came to the conclusion that the old lady had actually lent the money and had been badly treated by Hachirobei. So as the latter obstinately refused



to confess his guilt, Tadasuke addressed him as follows:—
“When I was a child,* we used to have a charm against forgetfulness. It consisted in tying up the thumbs with paper, which infallibly brought the matter to one’s recollection. Practise that charm upon Hachirobei.” So they took his right and left thumbs, placing them one on the top of the other, wrapped paper round them, and put on the official seal, after which his lordship said:—
“Now Hachirobei, try hard to recollect! And I warn you that if you tear the paper in the very least you will be committed to gaol. You will be examined every other day, and mind you do not fail to appear!” Thereupon both parties were dismissed.

My lord Ō-oka had quickly seen to the bottom of Hachirobei’s heart, divining that though not a particularly wicked man, he had been led by greed to refuse repayment of the nun’s money. The thumb-tying which ensued prevented Hachirobei from sleeping at night and from feeding himself at meal times; above all; it interfered with his taking pen in hand to balance his accounts, and made everything more uncomfortable for him than can be imagined. He was really at his wits’ end, when, after

* The translation to the end of the story is that of Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, as given in the Sixth Section of his book under the title of “*A Tale of the Good Old Days*” (p. 143 *et seq.*).

the lapse of seven or eight days, he was again summoned to attend and was addressed as follows:—

“How goes it, Hachirobei? Has the loan of the three hundred *ryō* come to your recollection? No doubt you never repaid it, though you thought you had. Seeing it was that money that led Chikō to commit arson, she cannot be executed until the matter is cleared up. So make haste with your pondering!”

Hachirobei could endure no longer. “My lord!” said he, “careful investigation of my ledgers has brought to light an entry of ‘Borrowed three hundred *ryō*’; and though no name is attached, I make no doubt that the item referred to is the sum borrowed from Chikō.”

“Then you admit that you borrowed it from Chikō?” inquired the judge

“Yes, my lord, with all due respect, I admit it.”

“You borrowed the three hundred *ryō* seven years ago; so the sum will now amount to over five hundred *ryō*, allowing interest at the rate of three *ryō* a month. You must refund the whole of this. However, as it may inconvenience you to produce the entire sum at once, you shall pay it back at the rate of twenty *ryō* a year in four instalments of five *ryō* each.”

Having thus charged Hachirobei, his lordship was pleased to inquire Chikō's age, and on being informed she

was sixty-three, he said:—"Well, you will receive the five hundred *ryō*, principal and interest, in the manner I have just directed Hachirobei—year by year. When the whole debt shall have been settled, you will be executed."

To the proprietor of the house where she lived he said, "Give notice at once if Chikō dies, but no coroner need be sent for."

This sentence brought the whole matter to a close. The reasons underlying it were that at the rate of twenty *ryō* a year, it would take twenty-five years for the whole sum of five hundred *ryō* to be received back by Chikō, who was then already sixty-three years of age; while, furthermore, the order simply to report her death without holding a coroner's inquest was dictated by the desire to save her from the capital punishment due to arson. The result of the judgment was to impress not only the policemen and constables, but the whole city with admiration for my lord Ō-oka's mercy and wisdom, and it became very famous.

VI.

As throwing light on the methods and on the qualifications of certain high-class Japanese magistrates a hundred years before Tadasuke's time, the following story relating to a famous Kyōto Chief-Magistrate is of considerable interest.

Itakura Shigemune asked some of his friends one day what was thought of his mode of discharging the duties of a judge.



"Some," they replied, "when they see how much force and severity there is in your countenance are afraid to say what they otherwise would, and hence the real truth is not always elicited."

"I have been wrong," said Shigemune. "Henceforth when I go into Court I will have a tea-grinder placed behind a screen, and while grinding the tea I will hear the cases. In deciding on legal cases there should be an absence of personal feeling. If the mind is composed, the judgment is clear; and if the judgment is clear, then everything becomes plain. In future I will determine the state of my mind by the rate at which I turn the tea-grinder. When my mind is calm, the tea-grinder will go slowly; and when it is excited, it will go fast. Persons' faces are not all alike. Some are attractive, and others repulsive. A judge, however, should not be influenced by outward appearances, but be guided by evidence alone. When he allows the outwardly attractive or repulsive to influence him, he is sure to be prejudiced in the wrong direction; therefore I will use a screen and a tea-grinder."

Thus we see that a tea-grinder was used by Shigemune as a psychometer, or mind-measurer.

Itakura Sihgemune was made Mayor of Kyōto A.D. 1619.

THE END.



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2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

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